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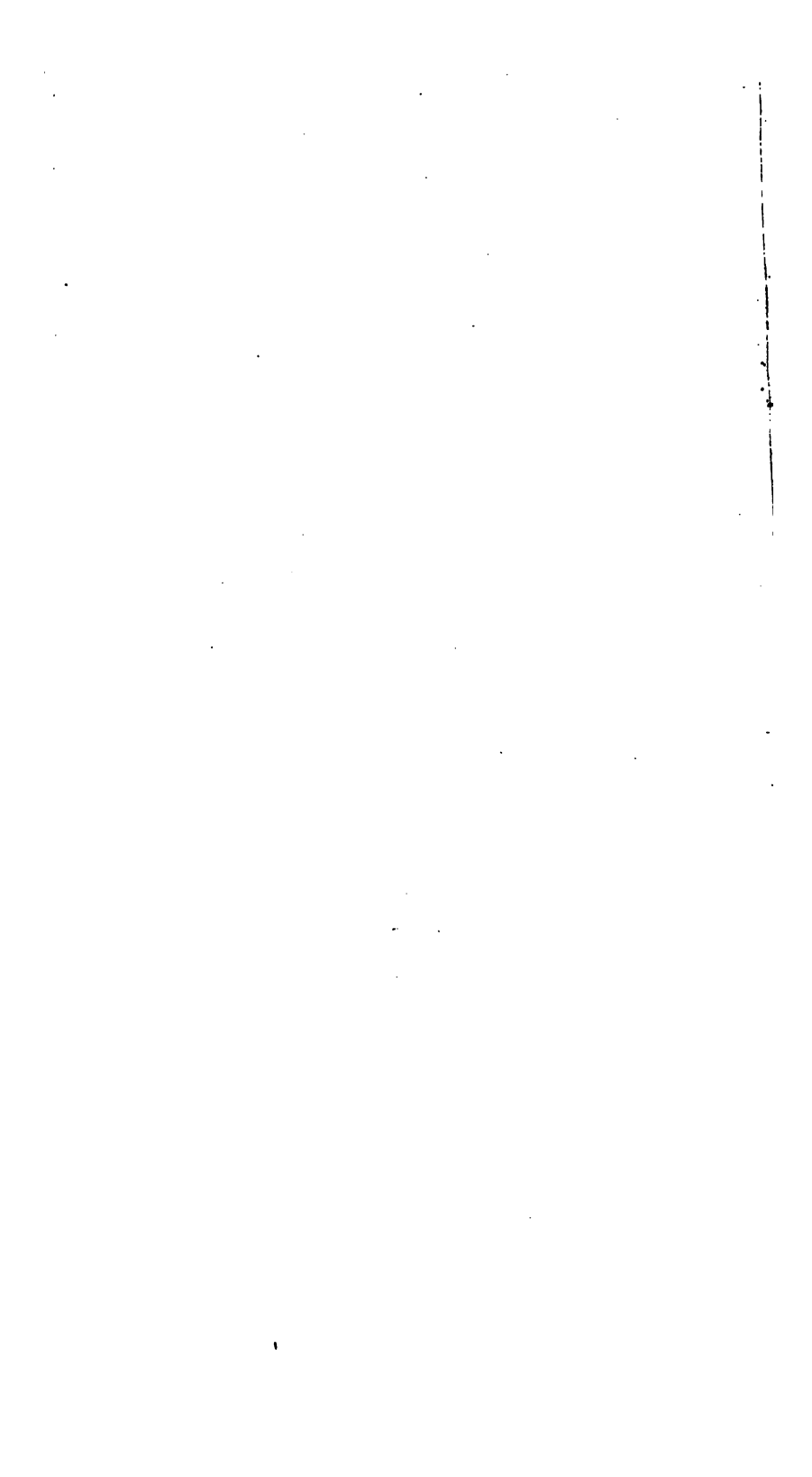
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A  
**JAUNT IN JAPAN**

OR

**Ninety Days' Leave in the Far  
East.**



BY

**CAPTAIN S. C. F. JACKSON, D.S.O.,**

**THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT,**

*Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, Bombay Command.*



**Calcutta :**

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## PREFACE.

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SO many books dealing with Japan have already appeared that it is with considerable diffidence I venture to place these pages before the public. I am, however, somewhat encouraged to do so, knowing the difficulties we experienced in arriving at any definite decision on the dozen points of essential importance to travellers, which are generally unnoticed by most authors who have written about this interesting country.

We had read all about Shoguns and Daimyos, Hara-Kari and Geishas; we had seen pictures of Fujiyama and Yokohama, and we had heard of the waterfalls and temples of Nikho; but we had never been informed, for instance, that the roads throughout the country are invariably execrable, or that the trains are always late and overcrowded. Before setting out on our holiday, we had experienced a good deal of difficulty in the selection of our itinerary, and we could find nothing to help us in estimating the probable expenses of our trip.

Our knowledge of Japan, culled from the many books we had read, led us to believe we were shortly to visit a Fairy Land, where the sky is always blue and where the people are ever

smiling behind gaily-painted fans amidst picturesque surroundings of cherry blossoms or wisteria.

The Japan we actually saw differed in so many ways from the Japan we had been led to expect, that I have ventured to publish the notes and experiences of our journey, with a hope that they may be of use to any one who may contemplate having a Jaunt in Japan.

S. C. F. JACKSON.

*Poona, Nov., 1899.*

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

SELECTION OF A ROUTE TO JAPAN—PLAGUE  
INSPECTION—UNDER WEIGH—COLOMBO AND

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### ERRATA.

Page	32	line	27	for	"scenes"	read	"scene."
"	75	"	16	"	"The corpse"	read	"Each corpse."
"	112	"	15	"	"cost"	read	costs.
"	125	"	15	"	"The sacophagus"	read	"The sarcophagus."
"	126	"	24	"	"have produced"	read	"has produced."
"	127	"	7	"	"faith in the new"	read	"faith to the new."

## CHAPTER IV.

MOSQUITOES—CHOLON, THE CHINESE TOWN—  
THE ANNAMITE THEATRE—A MISHAP AND  
ITS CONSEQUENCES—CAP ST. JACQUES ... 17

## CHAPTER V.

HONGKONG - CHINESE DOLLARS—THE CHINA  
THEATRE—THE CANTON RIVER STEAMER—  
JOHN CHINAMAN—THE PEARL RIVER ... 21

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S. C. F. JACKSON

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

SELECTION OF A ROUTE TO JAPAN—PLAGUE INSPECTION—UNDER WEAIGH—COLOMBO AND QUARANTINE—CAPTAIN LE COISPELLIER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE MESSAGERIES MARI- TIMES COMPANY—FASHODA AND MUSCAT— OUR FELLOW-PASSENGERS—"SIR KIPLING" ...	1
---	---

## CHAPTER II.

SINGAPORE—THE GARDENS—RAFFLES' HOTEL —BREAKFAST?—THE HARBOUR—THE NORTH- EAST MONSOON—THE DOMAI RIVER—SAIGON —BUREAUCRACY ... ..	7
--	---

## CHAPTER III.

THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH COCHIN CHINA— PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND BOULEVARDS—THE THEATRE—COMMERCE AND PROTECTION—THE ANAMITE RIFLES ... ..	12
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

MOSQUITOES—CHOLON, THE CHINESE TOWN— THE ANNAMITE THEATRE—A MISHAP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—CAP ST. JACQUES ...	17
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

HONGKONG - CHINESE DOLLARS—THE CHINA THEATRE—THE CANTON RIVER STEAMER— JOHN CHINAMAN—THE PEARL RIVER ...	21
--	----

( iv )

CHAPTER VI.

CANTON	...	...	...	...	30
--------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER VII.

THE "AMERICA MARU" — WOOSUNG — SHANGHAI	...	...	...	...	38
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER VIII.

NAGASAKI—MOGGI—THE STRAITS OF SIMONASAKI—THE INLAND SEA	...	...	...	46
---	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER IX.

KOBE — SATSUMA — HIOGO — THE "JAPANESE WELCOME SOCIETY"—THE WRESTLERS	...	...	...	54
---	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER X.

OSAKA—KIOTO —THE MIYAKO-ODORI	...	...	...	64
-------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER XI.

KIOTO—NARA—THE DEER PARK—THE THEATRE AT KIOTO	...	...	...	...	71
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER XII.

KIOTO—THE RAPIDS—ARAYASHIMA—THE OTSU CANAL—THE KARASAKI PINE TREE	...	...	...	...	78
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER XIII.

LAKE BIWA — HIKONE — NAGOYA — JAPANESE SOLDIERS	...	...	...	...	87
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER XIV.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY—YOKOHAMA	...	...	...	...	95
----------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

CHAPTER XV.

YOKOHAMA—KANAZAWA—YOKOSUKA—ENOSHIMA	...	...	...	...	102
-------------------------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----



CHAPTER XVI.

TOKIO—THE SHIBA AND UENO PARKS—THE ASAKUSA TEMPLE—THE YOSHIWARA—THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN ... ..	108
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KABUKIZA THEATRE — DANJURO — THE MAPLE CLUB—A JAPANESE DINNER AND DANCE ... ..	115
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

NIKHO—CHIUZENZI ... ..	123
------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

MIYANOSHITA—HAKONE—FUJIYAMA ...	129
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

YOKOHAMA—THE MIKADO—A ROYAL PROCES- SION ... ..	136
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

SAYONARO—FAREWELL ... ..	142
APPENDIX ... ..	147

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# A JAUNT IN JAPAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

SELECTION OF A ROUTE TO JAPAN—PLAGUE INSPECTION—UNDER WEIGH—COLOMBO AND QUARANTINE—CAPTAIN LE COISPELLIER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE MESSAGERIES MARITIMES COMPANY—FASHODA AND MUSCAT—OUR FELLOW-PASSENGERS—"SIR KIPLING,"

FOR some time my wife and I had been looking forward to spending my ninety days' privilege leave on a trip to Japan. Stationed at Poona within a few hours of Bombay, none of our valuable days would be lost in travelling across India to the port of embarkation. After many enquiries and some correspondence with the agents of the various shipping companies who carry passengers to Japan and back, we finally took our tickets with the Messageries Maritimes Company, who run a through monthly steamer from Bombay to Yokohama. This Company's return steamer was timed, under its contract, to land us back in Bombay on the ninetieth day of my leave, and in this way we should obtain the longest spell in Japan. The French line besides held out the extra inducement of giving us the opportunity of visiting Saigon, where so few other steamers call.

On the morning of the 9th March 1899, after having been medically inspected on the Ballard Pier (for the plague was once more raging in Bombay), we were conveyed in the Company's steam launch on board the *Ernest Simon*, a fine steamer which we found practically empty. She was to fill up at Colombo; but until then we and some six other passengers had the ship to ourselves.

On arrival at Colombo, we were at once placed in quarantine at the entrance of the harbour, and it was with some dismay that we learnt our duration was to last three days. The Messageries steamer from Marseilles bound for Australia, whose China passengers we were to take on, had had a mishap and was to be twenty-four hours late. Under other circumstances this delay would have pleased us, as we should have had time to visit Kandy and Newara Eliya before continuing our journey. It was not so pleasant to spend three of the ninety days of leave in a baking harbour playing "bull" and "buckets," with an alternative of cards and chess, and a hearty attendance at the numerous excellent meals offered to us throughout the day. Our cheery Captain, however, consoled us by saying that once he got under weigh he could easily make up for the lost time by driving the *Ernest Simon* an extra knot or two, and assured us that we should find ourselves at Saigon on the advertised date.

It may not be out of place to refer here to a matter which had formed the subject of many

conversations in India. Our friends had warned us of possible unpleasantness with our neighbours. The Fashoda business was still rankling, the Muscat incident had but begun, and we were told we should find ourselves the prey of the Anglophobe. I will here say that we met with nothing but the greatest courtesy from every one on board; we had many conversations with the officers and with the passengers, and we experienced nothing but invariable politeness from those with whom we mixed. It may be mentioned as a peculiar fact that not once either going to or coming back from Japan, did we hear any mention made of the affair which has for so long disturbed the mental balance of every one in France. The name of Dreyfus was apparently tabooed, and never, at any time, was this wretched business discussed, nor did any interest ever appear to be taken by the French passengers in the Reuter's telegrams on the subject which were always placed in the saloon on arrival at any port.

The Captain, M. Le Coispellier, a Commander of the French Navy, on half-pay, was married to an English lady, and he was the father of three cheery-looking lads, whose photograph he showed us with pardonable pride. Half the commands in the Messageries Company are reserved for Commissioned Naval Officers, and in the event of war, they and their ships are immediately placed under the orders of the Admiral of the fleet they happen to be

nearest to, at the declaration of hostilities. The commands of the other Messageries steamers are given to officers who have worked their way up in the Company's service.

Our three days' quarantine at Colombo passed slowly but pleasantly enough, for there was a good deal of life in the harbour of this important coaling station, and several men-of-war were lying near us, flying flags of different nations whose interests in the East they were bent on watching. A couple of American transports had also just arrived with reinforcements *en route* for Manilla, where they were badly needed to help America in completing her self-imposed task,—the cracking of the Phillippine nut,—and large mail steamers were constantly entering and leaving the port.

The *Armand Behic* entered the harbour at daylight on the 14th March, and at noon, having taken on board her cosmopolitan body of passengers, we bid adieu to the inhospitable shores of Ceylon, to whose credit be it said the strict quarantine has so far successfully staved off the invasion of the pest. Our new companions were in full force, every seat in the saloon being occupied at meal time, and the spacious deck so crowded with cane chairs as to render locomotion along the seventy-five yards of flush deck now a matter of difficulty. Chiefly French bound for Saigon and Tonkin, our complement included many Englishmen bound for China, and half a dozen youngsters travelling East for the first time to enter the Chinese Customs

Service. Numerous American globe-trotters, several Dutchmen for Java and Batavia, a Japanese gentleman returning to his home, a Portuguese naval officer, a couple of Russians going on duty to Port Arthur, and a Swedish Baron in the diplomatic service. With so varied and so cosmopolitan a passenger list, the discussion of any subject likely to disturb the *entente cordiale* was out of the question, nor did any one appear to wish to do so.

It is always curious to note the attitude adopted by the Anglo-Saxon when any fresh passenger invades the railway carriage or cabin in which priority of occupation has given him, as he thinks, an absolute freehold. The demeanour of the man in possession is not unlike that of the two labourers in a mining centre, depicted in *Punch* some years ago ; in which the new parson was represented walking through the village.

“ Who ’s ’im, Bill ? ”

“ A stranger.”

“ Let’s ’eave ’alf a brick at ’im.”

This icy barrier is, however, soon broken down once the whist tables are started and the drinks at the bar have been sampled.

Among our fellow-passengers we had a member of the English aristocracy whose courtesy title was a source of much perplexity to the foreign element on board. We all know that continental nations are still much bewildered by the titles of the English peerage. One evening, in Colombo Harbour, a French magis-

trate was reading the news from that day's copy of the *Ceylon Observer* and Rudyard Kipling's illness was the subject of some comment. A sympathetic listener sighed : " Ah ! ce pauvre, Sir Kipling," and we all felt that coming events were but casting their shadows before them !

At length we were fairly under weigh ; the *Ernest Simon* steaming at a steady rate of 15 knots per hour across the southern end of the Bay of Bengal, past the Islands of Paolo Rondo and Paolo Basso which command the entrance to the Straits of Malacca. Skirting the wooded shores of Sumatra on which the trees grow right down to the water's edge, we saw the house-tops of Acheen and the ships at anchor in the harbour. Three men-of-war from Europe were just making for the port, and a newly arrived transport had brought fresh troops to quell the never-ceasing insurrection which the Dutch have to cope with in their Colony.

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## CHAPTER II.

SINGAPORE—THE GARDENS—RAFFLES' HOTEL  
—BREAKFAST?—THE HARBOUR—THE NORTH-  
EAST MONSOON—THE DOMAI RIVER—SAIGON—  
BUREAUCRACY.

WE reached Singapore at daybreak on Sunday morning, and were soon driving through a muggy atmosphere to the botanical gardens and visited on our return the Chinese quarter. The praises of these gardens have been so constantly sung, and we had read so much about their beauty, that we were rather disappointed with what we saw. The very fine barracks of the British garrison are admirably situated on high ground, overlooking the gardens, whilst other advantageous sites are occupied by the Governor's palace and residence of the Sultan of Johore. Even at eight o'clock in the morning in March the heat was oppressive ; the heavy and damp atmosphere was, no doubt, responsible for the jaded and languid looks of the few pallid Europeans we met taking the morning air. This expedition accomplished, hot and hungry we made for Raffles' Hotel for a tub and breakfast, in the hopes of whiling away the hot hours of the day during which our ship was to be in the hands of the coal fiends. Mine host of the Inn shewed none of that alacrity to welcome the travel-stained

guest which is generally expected at a caravan-serai of this description. Hot water at 9-30 A.M. seemed as difficult to obtain as breakfast, though in this respect we fared better than some other of our fellow-passengers who had chosen to patronise the other hotels in the place. On returning at 10 A.M. from their trips to the gardens, they were told that breakfast was over, but that they might have luncheon at one o'clock. It was only made too plain to us that our patronage was not desired. The rooms were full, and the hotels were doing good business without needing to cater for the wants of casual birds of passage. Such lack of enterprise appears surprising, and can only be accounted for by the slackening effect of the climate. No doubt a continued residence in a latitude so near the equator with a temperature resembling that of a forcing house, may account for the want of go we found among the hotel-keepers in Singapore. The beauty of the place lies in its harbour. Slowly entering through the narrow portals of the western entrance, we steamed out later, on our eastward journey, through the magnificent roads where innumerable steamers and large sailing ships lay securely sheltered from the strong wind we found blowing outside. This was the north-east monsoon, which at this season, on the coast of China, is very likely to produce vacancies at the *table d'hôte* on board.

It was refreshing to escape from the mugginess of the Straits, and the pitching we now encountered was put up with on account of the

freshness of the life-restoring breeze which blew steadily until we rounded Cape St. James on Tuesday, 21st March, at noon. The friendly shelter of the little bay restored the equanimity of all our passengers who turned up in strength for luncheon, which was served as the pilot stepped on board. Under his care, we steamed slowly past this French Settlement and Sanitarium, under the forts which command the entrance of the Domai River—one of the many mouths of the much-disputed Mekong. We twisted and turned up the Domai for three hours and-a-half, slowly covering the forty-two miles of river to the capital of Cochin China. The Domai is navigable for large ocean-going steamers, only at high tide, and the channel is marked with buoys on which the electric light can be turned at night.

The banks of the river are covered with thick low jungle, with here and there a patch of cultivation surrounded by a few wretched huts in which live the Annamite cultivators who grow the paddy for the benefit and profit of the wholesale exporters up at Saigon. Many miles south of the town we could see the lofty spires of the Cathedral looming in the distance, and as we got nearer to the town, our French friends appeared gloriously arrayed ready to land; though we had lost the pleasant breeze of the sea and were once again in a temperature resembling that of Bombay, the week before the break of the south-west monsoon, they had donned their uniforms and frock-coats which

had been discarded on the journey for more comfortable, if less imposing, suits of duck.

The first view of Saigon from the river, as we were busy being tied up alongside the spacious wharf of the Messageries Maritimes Company, is a very pleasing one. Our cheery neighbours had apparently lost none of their brightness from dwelling in this enervating climate, and already Jules on shore has made out Adolphe on deck, and greetings and jokes were at once exchanged. Officials in gay uniforms paced the quay, officials drove down in miniature victorias drawn by smart little ponies, barely twelve hands high, very like the Pegu ponies which have been so useful to us in Burma. Other officials came alongside in steam launches and, as all our contingent for the shore were either in civil or military employ in this Settlement, we soon found ourselves in the midst of a vast concourse of bureaucrats, all paid by the mother country, whom they were here to represent—so many fly-wheels of the main machine—it was easy to realise, why, with so complicated a machinery and with so expensive a plant, the firm of “France et Colonies” is worked at a loss. “The Chronicle and Directory for China, the Straits and Japan,” published at Hongkong, gives some curious information under the head of Cochin China.

The population of the whole of Cochin China is only a little over two millions, of which 4,500, exclusive of the troops, are Europeans. Out of this number, 1,750 Europeans live

in Saigon itself, and with the exception of a few shipping agents, many café keepers and some small tradesmen, the whole number is made up of French officials, whose salaries are paid out of French revenues.

The Government of Indo-China, with its population of two millions, is quite as elaborate as is that of India. There is a Governor-General assisted by a cabinet of four Councillors, four separate bureaus, a Financial Controller, a Military and a Naval Commander-in-Chief and a Council of Defence. Each Subdivision of the Colony has its Governor or Lieutenant-Governor, each with a Council, Secretariat, and various chambers for the administration of state affairs.

Several French men-of-war were anchored amid stream, and lower down the river a few steamers, mostly flying the English flag, were being lazily loaded with rice. This is the chief article of export, and the business is almost entirely in the hands of a few foreign merchants who, in spite of the disadvantages they labour under, succeed in making a profit where the French firms have failed.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH COCHIN CHINA—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND BOULEVARDS—THE THEATRE—COMMERCE AND PROTECTION—THE ANNA-MITE RIFLES.

WE landed on the Messageries Maritimes wharf at 5 P.M., and a pair of miniature Tonkin ponies drew us briskly in a comfortable little phaeton, across the canal crowded with Chinese boats, into the town. At this hour, the offices were closed, and the cafés along the Rue Catinat were beginning to fill. Other carriages, as small as our own, were being driven round the "Tour d'Inspection"; a circular drive of some six miles which is the daily promenade of the inhabitants, and the only afternoon amusement of those who do not sit round a marble-topped table outside a café. The driver took us past the new post office with its handsome hall, the Cathedral and Governor's Palace, the Officers' Club and along shady avenues where are situated the dwelling-houses of the residents. A striking bit of colour is afforded by the double "bougainvillea" creeper which is trained over the gateway of every house and garden. The heavy bunches of magenta-coloured foliage here attain a brilliancy and luxuriance rarely seen in India. Our coachman completed the circle, by driving us through some dingy

native alleys for a short distance only, and then brought us round to the other side of the town, skirting the public gardens and barracks, past the military hospital and the arsenal back to the quays.

This first drive impresses one with the fact that money has been freely expended in laying out this city. The spacious and scrupulously clean boulevards whose broad side-walks are shaded by well grown trees, the handsome houses and shops, the elaborate public buildings and monuments, all attest to the care and money which have been expended. Saigon is no longer so notoriously unhealthy as it was. Extensive works have been carried out, rivulets have been filled in and swamps drained, and one of the finest streets in the town now occupies the site where formerly a foul smelling drain poisoned the neighbourhood.

The Rue Catinat is the principal street where in the evening, the whole population assembles, promenading the side-walks or sitting under the blaze of the electric light in front of the gaily lit cafés. The theatre, too, is largely patronized in the winter months. A company is sent out at the expense of, and subsidized by, the French Government, who thus provides for the relaxation of its officials. We were lucky enough to obtain seats for the first performance of "Miss Helyett," a very bright and cheery opera bouffe, which, some years ago, was acted in London under the name of "Miss Decima." The house was crowded with officers and men

who are admitted at half-price. During the very long intervals between the acts, the whole theatre emptied itself into the cafés, and in this way the time necessary to shift the scenery became a source of profit to the large class who manage the refreshment department of the town.

Another attraction of Saigon is the botanical garden, which contains a valuable collection of both the flora and fauna of the country, and is a worthy rival of the much-vaunted one at Singapore. The band plays twice a week on a small island, situated in the midst of an artificial lake, while the younger generation of Saigon ride on elephants or tease the monkeys for all the world as if they were in the Jardin des Plantes in their own dear Paris. This love of their native country is very marked. The Frenchman does not readily adapt himself to his surroundings, but takes with him into exile everything that will remind him of his home. Saigon is a very well-to-do French town conducted on absolutely French lines and planted without much rhyme or reason amidst the rice-fields of China. It is nothing but the handsome residence of French officials, who have come to a ready-made place with a hope that the tide of commerce may eventually flow that way. With us, our Colonial towns are the gradual outcome of commercial enterprise, the slow growth of many years of steady improvement and development, and are the outward and visible sign of their own activity and suc-



cess as centres of trade. This is not the case here, for there is no trade to speak of; a few ships carry away a certain amount of rice and bring in exchange the necessities of life to the residents, and that is all. Such business, as there is, is suspended during the heat of the day, and is only fitfully carried on in the cool of the morning or for an hour or two in the afternoon.

The stringent embargoes imposed on foreign ships and foreign goods have killed the trade of the place at its birth. No English steamer brings coal to Saigon; all that can be had is a black evil-smelling mess from Japan, of which the French steamers themselves take as little as possible, preferring to fill up their bunkers at either Singapore or Hongkong a few days later. Protection is rampant everywhere and has strangled commerce. A curious instance of this system is in force at Cape St. James—the pretty little seaside resort at the mouth of the Domai River. The Eastern Exchange Telegraph Company have an office there on which the French are dependent for their news from the outer world. Next to this building is an equally large one flying the tricolour, and where the messages from Europe are taken in and transmitted over the forty-two miles of river swamp up to the capital. A handsome tax is levied from the English company for every word they presume to receive on their cables, and which they are not permitted to forward over French territory.

The garrison of Saigon consists of two battalions of Marine Infantry and two batteries of Artillery, all composed of sturdy and well-seasoned Frenchmen, many of whom wear the Tonkin medal. There are, besides, three battalions of Annamite Rifles who, according to an Englishman's ideas, present a peculiarly unsmart and unsoldierly appearance. Of diminutive stature, they are clad in a very loose, ill-fitting *khaki* uniform and are barefooted. Their national head-dress is peculiar, and increases the resemblance they offer to a pyjama-clad woman. A yellow, saucer-shaped straw hat is perched on the top of the head, supported by the hair, which is arranged at the back like a big bun. From the headpiece depend two long ribbons, which are tied round the chignon and stream down the back.

About the height of small Gurkhas, with none of their sturdiness or physique, the Annamite Rifles "lope limply along" shouldering small carbines to which the bayonet is fixed and look for all the world like native women who have been deputed to carry their lords' firearms.

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## CHAPTER IV.

MOSQUITOES—CHOLON, THE CHINESE TOWN—  
THE ANNAMITE THEATRE—A MISHAP AND  
ITS CONSEQUENCES—CAP ST. JACQUES.

THE hotels were full, so we were forced to pass the nights on board, where, amidst the noises incidental to the landing of stores, we snatched fitful moments of slumber devoured the while by mosquitoes, whose spitefulness and venom succeeded in completing the wreck of our repose. Veritable beasts of prey these were, only to be compared with the notorious giants who devour the traveller in the Maobein Creek on the Irrawaddy.

We drove the next day to Cholon, the China town, which is situated four miles from Saigon, and is reached by a pretty avenue, along which our smart little ponies raced a steam tram, as it dashed along at a dangerous speed. One side of the road is flanked by a canal crowded with native craft plying between Cholon and Saigon ; on the other side by smart little bungalows, in neatly laid out gardens with the inevitable bougainvillea creeping over the gateway.

Near the Native City the bungalows are replaced by Chinese Joss-houses and an occasional opium den ; but unlike other Chinese towns, Cholon is wonderfully clean and well kept. The houses and shops retain all their

national characteristic features and local colouring, and are rendered all the more attractive by the scrupulous neatness which is imposed upon them by the French authorities, who occupy the Hotel de Ville, which is passed on first entering the Chinese quarter. Passing next a bright-looking café, we are in the middle of the Chinese town, where tempting old black wood furniture, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and all the other stock-in-trade of the Chinese curio dealers, can be bargained for in "Pidgin" French.

A visit to Cholon should include one to the Annamite theatre, where performances lasting several days begin in the early morning and are carried on uninterruptedly until midnight. It was difficult for any one ignorant of the language to follow the plot, though the Annamite audience appeared thoroughly to enjoy the many blood-curdling incidents with which the play teemed. Leaving Cholon at the northern end, we drove back to Saigon along the Route Haute past the gardens where Chinamen cultivate asparagus, lettuce and other vegetables for European consumption. This high road, shaded by two rows of fine trees, leads, by the European cemetery, to the Annamite Rifle Barracks, into which a regiment of the Native Contingent, bugle band ahead, were marching as we passed. This avenue takes us back to Saigon by the Governor's Palace, and leads on to the "Place," where a military band was playing to rows of crowded carriages. Our time in Saigon was however nearly up, and we returned on board

for dinner, and found that a large portion of the promenade deck had been screened off to accommodate six hundred Chinese passengers for Hongkong. After all the precautions which have to be taken against plague and for fear of infection, this seemed an unnecessary risk to run ; but the Chinaman is a very valuable cargo. He costs nothing and gives no trouble and pays six dollars for his passage across to Hongkong.

At 11 P.M., we recommenced our journey and steamed slowly down the river by the light of a full moon, and at 2 A.M., having landed our pilot at Cape St. James, set out once more to face the North-East Monsoon.

Unfortunately our progress at this stage received a check which everyone felt with a little forethought might have been avoided. The high pressure cylinder had cracked in the Red Sea and, having been patched up, had so far served its purpose well enough. But at 8 A.M., on the 23rd March, the ship was turned round, and we put back to "Cap St. Jacques," as the French denote Cape St. James. The engineers had decided it was no longer safe to work the cracked cylinder, which was consequently detached. To reach Hongkong without its assistance would entail the consumption of a greater quantity of coal than there was on board, and twenty-four hours were spent waiting for the fuel to be brought down to us in barges from Saigon. To the ordinary landsman it appeared as if the dictates of prudence and foresight would have suggested under the

circumstances, carrying a small reserve of coal; as it was known that the cylinder was injured and could not be repaired before reaching Shanghai.

The long weary wait had to be got through, and the Captain very kindly conveyed the passengers ashore in the launch. We had time for a walk along the sea-beach, by the Bathing Establishment and Hotel up to the Governor's Villa, newly built on a small hill at one end of the settlement. Towards evening, as there was no sign of the coal barges coming to us, the *Ernest Simon* proceeded again up the Domai River and anchored at 2 A.M. amid stream to take on board the fuel which we met now being brought down the river in barges. By the time this was accomplished, we had missed the tide, and it was not until 3 P.M. on the 24th March that we quitted Cape St. James for the second time and made tracks for Hongkong at an average hourly speed of twelve knots. All this delay was very vexatious, particularly to those to whom every hour was of importance.

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## CHAPTER V.

HONGKONG—CHINESE DOLLARS—THE CHINA  
THEATRE—THE CANTON RIVER STEAMER—  
JOHN CHINAMAN—THE PEARL RIVER.

FROM Hongkong we wished to visit Canton, and as this requires more time than is afforded by the short stay of a steamer at this port, we decided to leave the *Ernest Simon* and proceed to Japan in the first available mail boat we could catch after visiting this important Chinese city. We reached Hongkong on the evening of the 27th of March, and found very comfortable rooms at the Hongkong Hotel. A residence in India accustoms the traveller to a very low standard of hotel accommodation. Travelling east, we found a higher degree of comfort and excellence the further we receded from the tropics. Decently served meals, good attendance and clean rooms all justified the high price charged ; at the Hongkong Hotel this varies from seven to twelve dollars per diem, according to accommodation.

At the treaty ports and various harbours at which steamers call in China, the foreigner is apt to be perplexed by the monetary system. One somehow or other generally connects the dollar with the American coin which is worth about four shillings, but the chopped dollar, the Mexican dollar and the Japanese

yen—now demonetized in Japan—are in circulation in China. The French in Cochin China have, besides, a dollar of their own which is not accepted elsewhere except at a considerable reduction. There are thus several varieties of this coin, generally worth about two shillings. The paper currency is largely made use of, and is issued in notes by the big China banks who levy a percentage in one place on the notes issued by the same bank in another port. It is well to know that a Singapore or Shanghai note for ten dollars is not worth that sum in Hongkong. In our journey from Bombay we accumulated a curious collection of coins which were invariably depreciated at the next port, and we were advised to put them by on the chance of being able to get rid of them on our return journey.

We found our stay in Hongkong all too short, for on the Tuesday afternoon we were to start for Canton; but we made the most of our time. After an early breakfast, we took the steam tram which conveyed us up the steep slope to the Peak. Thence a stiff climb up the narrow cemented road brought us to the flagstaff, the highest point on the ridge, where a magnificent view can be obtained of what is probably the finest harbour in the East, and where, were lying British, German and Russian men-of-war, an American cruiser and transport and the magnificent steamers of the Empress Line; whilst Chinese junks, steam launches and tugs were plying busily around. In one direction a large



paddle steamer was making for the Portuguese colony of Macao, and a mail steamer eastward bound was passing out at the other. Beneath us, prettily situated on the hillside, are the neat houses of those who toil and spin, and who have made of Hongkong what it is, the centre of life and commerce in the East. The newer settlement of Kowloong is on the other side of the harbour opposite Hongkong, and ferry steamers, crowded with passengers, ply every five minutes between the two places.

Though our stay here was to be of the shortest, we found time to visit the Chinese theatre. For a dollar a head, we were admitted to a spacious box, which we shared with some Chinamen and two other English travellers.

Every square inch of the auditorium was crowded from floor to roof with a tightly packed mass of Chinamen, whose shouts of applause and incessant chatter fairly drowned the best efforts of the actors. The play did not convey very much to any one ignorant of the language. Three performers dressed in female attire constantly raised screams of laughter from the audience by their peculiar manipulations of a large doll ; at intervals a desperado, bravely accoutred *entered right*, delivered himself of a few apparently trenchant remarks and then retired by the left. Tea and pipes were then served to the ladies, and the baby once more appeared to be the subject of conversation. The back of the stage was occupied by the musicians, who evoked hideous noises out of

uncouth and barbarous looking instruments. The actors occupied the centre of the stage ; around them their friends were seated, or moved about heedless of the performance, whilst in one corner two small boys amused themselves by throwing Katherine wheels. Sloppy attendants came and went, shifting the scenery or bringing on accessories, moving chairs and tables, and arranging the actors' dress without in any way interfering with the smooth running of the piece.

Since the commencement of hostilities in Manilla, Hongkong has been the head-quarters of innumerable Americans. The hotel was full of American officers proceeding to or returning from the seat of war, and the families of many officers were temporarily established there, waiting the return from the wars of father, husband or son.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia had been passing most of the winter months at Hongkong, and their great popularity is no doubt due as much to the charm of Princess Irene as to the sporting proclivities of her Sailor Prince. His flagship lay close to H. M. S. *Victorious*, and the very best feeling existed between the officers of the two ships who had many keen international competitions on the polo ground of Hongkong. This polo ground, with the race-course and cemetery, are laid out in the appropriately named Happy Valley, within an easy rickshaw drive of the town. There are no other open spaces and level plots in this colony, which is built on the slopes of the steep ridge overlooking the harbour

Near the wharf are crowded the houses of business, the shops and hotels ; whilst above, built here and there on little terraces, are the bungalows of the residents, who in the hot summer months migrate still higher to their villas on the Peak. Here also are some of the barracks and a hospital, and a large hotel has been built near the Peak terminus of the steam tram. There are few carriages at Hongkong. The narrow roads are very steep, and the usual means of conveyance are rickshaws and chairs in which you are speedily and smoothly carried over the clean-looking cemented roadways. The steam tram is one of the institutions of Hongkong, and cars start every quarter of an hour from each end of the line. Worked by a wire rope, the car ascends or descends the very steep slope in ten minutes. From the platform of the car you see nothing beneath you but the waters of the harbour, dotted with little islets, and the houses and trees, which you pass on either side have that intoxicated out-of-the-perpendicular look, which Mark Twain rendered familiar in connection with the Rigi Railway. On Tuesday, the 28th March, we embarked at 6 P.M. on board the *Pow-An*, one of the large river steamers which ply between Hongkong and Canton. The fare for the journey each way is eight dollars, but this does not include meals. These boats are extremely comfortable, and we were fortunate in finding ourselves under the care of a Captain who justly prided himself on the excellence of his cook.

Our cabins and saloons were on the upper deck ; around the walls were placed the swords with which the passengers have to defend themselves in case John Chinaman gets "bobbery," and in every cabin on a hook hangs a lethal weapon for use in case of emergency. In the Captain's bunk, the sight of a gun labelled "Loaded" made us feel we were living in parlous times ; but we were somewhat relieved to hear that though these precautions are still taken, no pirates had attempted to tackle a steamer for over twenty years, and the riotous gang of Chinese passengers are hermetically sealed below before sunset. These ships carry, each trip, from five hundred to two thousand Chinamen, and the monthly circulation between Hongkong and Canton amounts to over one hundred thousand pig tails. This enables the Company, who practically have a monopoly of the business, to pay a very handsome dividend.

Whilst we sat in the saloon after dinner listening to the skipper, who was spinning his best yarns for our edification, curious sounds from a graphophone were wafted to us. Some Chinamen of a superior class, and who were not relegated to the confinement of the hold, were returning to their homes with one of these toys with which to impress their friends. A couple of hours after our departure from Hongkong, we anchored amid stream, and were informed that we should not proceed on our journey up the Pearl River until midnight. It was no use

hurrying on, we were told, as the steamer would not be allowed to approach the quay at Canton until six o'clock in the morning. The question naturally arose, then why not leave Hongkong three hours later? The answer to this conundrum was that the valuable cargo of Chinamen insists upon being stowed away by daylight, and it appears the Company would not get a single passenger if they were to start their steamers after dark. It was a picturesque scene, lying at anchor with a bright moon lighting up the peaceful waters at the entrance of the river. Chinese junks travelling in pairs for company's sake, floated lazily by, every now and then disturbing the peacefulness of the scene by a noisy discharge of crackers, fired with a view to frightening the evil spirits who ever hover around the "Heathen Chinee." John Chinaman only fears the devil and takes endless precautions to ward off visits from the evil one, the argument being that the gods will do no harm, it is only the evil spirits who have to be watched. It is for this reason that the relatives pass the corpse of a Chinaman out by the window into the streets, lest the devil may be watching for his prey in the doorway. The Chinaman is nearly as "cute" at defrauding the Customs as he is at dodging the devil, and he looks upon both very rightly as his natural enemy. One Chinaman is said to have discovered a successful method of defeating the tax on live-stock in so far as it affected the duck trade. He started an incubator at one port, from which he shipped

eggs to the other, timed to hatch shortly after passing through the Customs.

The next morning at daybreak a terrible uproar awoke us. This was caused by hundreds of noisy Chinamen pressing their sampans against the ship's sides. The stream was so thickly crowded with boats of all shapes and sizes that the dirty yellow water could scarcely be seen. Navigation seemed impossible, but amidst much yelling and shouting the *Pow An* gradually slid alongside the rickety quay where we were to land, just opposite a high stone building, which towered above the neighbouring houses. Many of these edifices were to be seen, extremely solid-looking and lofty they suggested the thought that they might be terrible dungeon keeps, where horrible executions and tortures are carried out. They are however only pawn-shops. Solidly built, so as to be fireproof, they are stored up to the roof with articles which generations of Chinamen have "lent to their uncle." We were not to land until after breakfast; meanwhile there was a good deal to interest one in the busy scene on the river. A large stern-wheel boat steadily ploughed her way past us, propelled, not by steam, but by coolies who stand on a treadmill and drive the wheel round with their feet. These boats go long distances up the river, the price of labour is cheap, and there is less wear and tear of machinery to provide for.

A portly and prosperous Chinese gentleman accosted one of us at breakfast and enquired

after a party of six, and at the same time presented his card.



We had telegraphed from Hongkong to secure the services of this gentleman, and had ordered chairs at the same time for a party of six. Ah Cum, junior, is probably one of the best known men in the Far East, and he has now, for the last twelve years, been personally conducting travellers through the maze of the Canton streets. Ah Cum, senior, started the business some thirty years ago, and other competitors have now entered the lists since the increased facilities of travel have placed a trip to Canton within the reach of every tripper to the East. The Ah Cums, father and son, have been the guide and, possibly, the philosopher and friend of many princes and statesmen, and their list of patrons, which they show you with pride, contains most of the names which are household words in Europe. Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts about Ah Cum is that, although he speaks English with great fluency, he has never travelled, even so far as Hongkong.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CANTON.

AT 9-30, luncheon baskets and everything else ready, Ah Cum marshalled his party of six to whom he issued his final instructions. Briefly summed up they were :

1. Do not lean out of the side windows of your chair.
2. Do not reply if you are spoken to by anyone in the crowd.
3. Do not give any alms to beggars.
4. Do not lag behind, but keep close up to the chair immediately in front of you.
5. Do not wear any ornaments or loose pieces of jewelry which might excite the cupidity of the people in the streets.

Armed with smelling bottles and disinfectants, and in a cloud of tobacco smoke, with which we hoped to defeat the far-famed smells of Canton, we moved off in single file. Ah Cum in a sedan chair, very superior to ours, led the way down a narrow alley which might have measured six feet across. The light of the sky overhead was crowded out by the innumerable sign-boards which hang from the rafters and eaves of the houses. These sign-boards were painted with Chinese characters in gold or



crimson and described the name of the particular merchant and the nature of his wares ; whilst here and there, dangling among them were curiously shaped Chinese lanterns and umbrellas. The roadways are paved with granite flags, slimy with liquid dirt which oozes from the doorways of the dark-looking houses on either side.

We were, at the first start, somewhat agreeably disappointed with the odours which we encountered, and which would have merely done credit to any side-street of a town in the south of Europe. Ah Cum, junior, was initiating us gently. We were at first taken through the cleaner streets where embroideries, ivory carving and painting on silk were worked. It was later when our olfactory nerves were somewhat acclimatized, that he took us down the streets occupied by butchers and fishmongers. Offal of all kind lay exposed for sale, fish, half alive and partially cut open, wriggled and quivered on marble slabs whence the blood and dirt dropped on to the footway, and neatly dressed joints of the edible chow dog were offered for sale, side by side with other delicacies too revolting to mention. Hurrying past these trying scenes we entered, with a feeling of relief, a clean-looking shop where some workers in kingfishers' feathers were established. Each little frond of the feather is worked in to the silver brooch or ornament according to the pattern in hand. This work is extremely minute and requires very careful handling, the

most exquisite shading from blue to purple can be obtained by the delicate juxtaposition of the smallest flecks of a kingfisher's feather. From this establishment, by a circuitous route, we proceeded to visit some temples, devoted to the creed of Confucius and to the worship of Buddha, thence on to the lane in which the silk-weavers had on their looms the most elaborate pieces of material, destined perhaps to adorn some fair beauty at a Court Ball in Europe. Pursuing our pilgrimage, now turning to the right, and now to the left, we were carried on and on through interminable streets so narrow and so crowded that it was with difficulty our chairmen could force their way. Every now and again a halt would be made, and our chairs tucked away in a gateway or up a side street to allow free passage to a Mandarin of high rank whose dignity and state were proclaimed, as much by the rapidity with which our men cleared out of his way, as by the imposing appearance of his chair and the number of his retinue. A wedding procession too for a while blocked the road as the bride hidden, in a crimson and gold box, was carried to her new home by some noisy attendants. We made our way through this ever-changing scenes to the execution ground which is used on off days as a potter's field. The owner of the land has the proud privilege of making the earthenware jars into which the decapitated head is allowed to fall. When a battue is to take place, the potter removes his pots and cleans up his piece of ground,

placing as many jars in a row as there are criminals condemned to suffer. The spectators and friends sit on the wall overlooking the row of malefactors who kneel to receive the fatal blow. Fixed up against the wall are the wooden crosses to which the patient is bound who has to die by the thousand and one cuts. This form of torture called "Li Chi" is only reserved for parricides and for the worst form of criminals, and requires great skill on the part of the operator who has to be careful not to inflict a mortal injury until he deals the thousand and first stroke when he deftly polishes off his victim. There had been no execution for ten days, but in the prison which we visited next, several condemned pirates were pointed out to us, whose death warrants were daily expected from Peking.

As we arrived at the jail, a thief, who had just been caught red-handed, was being securely lashed by his pigtail to the railing outside the gateway, until such time as he should be disposed of by the Magistrate. Outside a couple of criminals, their necks secured in cangues, were loafing about, whilst in the inner court the condemned felons surrounded us clamouring for alms with which to buy opium and tobacco.

Ah Cum, who had constituted himself sole paymaster, left a small dole with these wretches before leading us off to pleasanter scenes. Our next visit was to the Mandarin Literary Club, a little summer house standing in a garden and overlooking a stagnant pool covered with weeds

and surrounded by high walls. For four hours we had been shaken up and down in our chairs through the mazy streets of Canton, and it was with a feeling of relief we learnt from Ah Cum that the time for luncheon had arrived. For an hour we rested and forgot the weird horrors, the evil smells and the noises of this very uncanny city. The din in the streets is indescribable, runners and sedan chair carriers keep up an incessant cry as they force their way through the crowd, hawkers shout the value of their wares, and every individual of the noisy mob appears to be engaged in an angry argument with his neighbour. After our welcome rest we once more got under weigh, making for the Examination Hall of the Civil Service. Eleven thousand stone cells, each resembling a small sentry box, are built in rows in a large enclosure. The examinations take place once a year, and it may be judged that the competition is pretty keen from the fact that generally about nine thousand students, drawn from every class of life, compete for the eighty vacancies. The candidates, on the first day of the examination, bring with them all that they may require for the three days which they have to pass in solitary confinement, each secluded in his own cell. The greatest care is taken to prevent any candidate obtaining any assistance or unfair advantage. These students are all from one province and are seeking to qualify for the higher posts of the Civil Service. The successful men are next permitted to present them-

selves for examination in a still higher standard at Peking where success means power and wealth and the highest honours. The washer-man's son, if he passes enough examinations, may become the greatest mandarin in the land, for the aristocracy of China is one of brains and not necessarily of breeding. Leaving the Examination Hall, we were carried along the bank of a peculiarly nauseating and foul-looking canal, where the essence of everything that was evil-smelling must have been collected, and passing down some particularly narrow streets, we arrived at the foot of the Water Clock Tower, whence a fair view of the roofs of the city, with its distant Pagoda and Viceroy's Palace, could be obtained. In this tower there is a water-clock some four hundred years old, and though cheap time-pieces have put it out of date, the clock still works with the greatest accuracy. It is shown to visitors on payment of a small fee ; the water is led in pipes to the top of the tower, whence it falls into a succession of buckets, drop by drop every minute. Each bucket takes an hour to fill, and then overflows drop by drop into the next one below.

We were nearly through Canton, our last call being paid at the Merchants' Guildhall, not far from our landing stage. A landscape garden, modelled in miniature, occupies the centre of the courtyard through which we passed before entering the private meeting room, and gaudily decorated joss-house of the rich Canton burghers.

A visit to this building seemed to be the fitting conclusion to a day spent in seeing sights which for garishness and crudeness are probably unequalled. In our long day's journeying through the everchanging kaleidoscope of Chinese life, with its jostling and screaming crowd we saw, with one exception, no living soul save a Chinaman. This exception, a very notable one, was a French Jesuit priest who alone and unarmed was pursuing his mission of peace on foot down the narrowest and meanest of Canton streets.

We had spent six hours and-a-half in Canton wandering through innumerable lanes, crowded with cut-throat looking ruffians. Six miles of city wall surround the town into which sunlight scarcely ever penetrates, and through whose streets no European, unless with a guide, cares to venture. The day before our visit to Canton a party of tourists had been conducted through the town. Last in the procession of chairs was a stout elderly gentleman, whose weight proved too great a burden for his bearers. Gradually dropping behind, they lost connection with the head of the column and finally deposited the worthy gentleman in the road. His party, who at first had not missed him, returned after a long interval and found him with a fixed and painful smile, sitting in his chair surrounded by a large crowd of Chinamen to whom he was a source of wonder and amusement, and with whom, he said, he was trying to look pleased, as he had been led to understand that laughter in

China was a sign of true politeness. He was rescued from his awkward predicament without mishap, but, had he lost his temper or aroused their ire, it is possible no trace of the heavy weight would have ever been found by his friends. The Canton Chinese are not a nice people, nor do they welcome the stranger in their midst. The little children are taught to insult and fling dirt at the Europeans as they go through the streets, opprobrious epithets and gibes are shouted at them; and should a stranger be so foolish as to disregard warning No. 1 of the guide, he may possibly have his curiosity satisfied by receiving a clod of mud on the side of the head.

It was pleasant to turn from all this hideous nightmare into the pretty little concession across the canal which separates the European traders from Canton itself. This canal is spanned by a bridge securely locked with an iron gate at night and through which Chinamen are only allowed to pass one by one, under the eyes of a scrutinizing policeman, during the busy hours of the day. Five o'clock in the evening saw us once more on board and steaming past the flower boats back to Hongkong. These boats are thus named, not for the beauty of any specimens of horticulture which might adorn them, but on account of the houris who dwell therein, for they are the flowers who live on these house boats anchored off the town amid stream.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE *AMERICA MARU*—WOOSUNG—SHANGHAI.

WE reached Hongkong at 1-30 on the morning of the 30th March. It was not an attractive prospect to have to cross the harbour to our steamer at this hour of the morning in an open sampan, yet, this but for the kindness of the Dock Superintendent, we should have had to do. However, a chance introduction to this gentleman had secured for us the services of a steam launch, whose shrill whistle we heard as it bustled up alongside, soon after the *Pow-An* had been moored to the quay. In this we were conveyed to the *America Maru*, the first steamer we found which was advertised to sail for Japan. We were pressed for time and could not afford to wait for the floating palaces of the Empress Line ; but were obliged to entrust ourselves, bag and baggage, to the tender mercies of the *Toyo Kishen Kaisha*.

The *America Maru*, to put it plainly, did not prove a success. Holding divided authority over the Japanese crew were two sets of officers with an English skipper in supreme command. The reason for this dual control is that the Japanese Government will not subsidise the Company unless they carry Japanese certificated officers, but, on the other hand, the



insurance companies will not insure and passengers will not patronize a ship sailing between Hongkong and San Francisco which is solely in the hands of a Japanese staff. The Japanese stewards and servants are a helpless lot, quite ignorant of the wants of the class of passenger on whom they have to wait.\* To improve the faulty attendance, the purser, who, by the way, hailed from the States, had shipped at Hongkong for this voyage a handy lot of Chinese servants, and war to the knife raged for several days amongst our attendants. It required all the diplomacy of the Anglo-American officers to induce the Japanese stokers to send up any coal to the galley for the use of the Chinese cook and his mates. Our breakfast depended upon the solution of an international question whilst the battle of the Yalu was being refought from pantry to cuddy.

This particular *Maru*, anglice, merchant steamship, is a fine specimen of naval architecture, built at Newcastle and performing, on this occasion, only her second voyage. She registers nearly six thousand tons, has twin screws, and can travel comfortably at the rate of sixteen knots an hour. These advantages apart, we found her as uncomfortable as it is possible for an ocean liner to be, and she was a good example of the old seafaring saw about "spoiling the ship for a ha' p' orth o' tar."

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\* Since the above was written this Company have found it necessary to dismiss all the Japanese stewards, servants and stokers.—S. J.

Money had been freely spent on the hull and engines, the rest of the vessel was tacked together in such a way that the ceilings of the confined little cabins leaked after every shower, whilst the steam constantly escaped from the engine room and filled the passages to the saloons with a nasty smell. She carried a full complement of passengers, mostly American officers, and their families returning from Manilla and several globe-trotters of all nationalities. In all mixed communities, such as the saloon of a big mail steamer presents, one may expect to meet all sorts and conditions of men, ranging from the genial and polished gentleman to the roughest of rough diamonds who may perhaps have made his "pile." On the *America Maru* this was particularly noticeable, and the quiet and unostentatious American officer and gentleman was in striking contrast to the vulgar champagne-cocktail drinking Yankee, whose expectorations were as unpleasant as the expletives with which he loaded the unfortunate Japanese waiters. We had the advantage of making friends with some charming Americans whom we afterwards met frequently, and always with pleasure, whilst travelling in Japan ; but we murmured many a silent prayer to be saved from ever running across several of those whom the fortunes of travel had thrown across our path. Some of these passengers had appetites for which the gargantuan and unappetizing meals could alone have been provided. The heaps of steaming

victuals crowded on the tables, and the sight of one's neighbour spreading strawberry jam over his eggs and bacon, was calculated to upset one even more than the motion caused by a steady north-east monsoon. In spite of the heavy sea running strongly against her, the *America Maru* raced along in half a gale of wind through the Straits of Formosa across the dirty waters of the Yellow Sea and up to the mouth of the Shanghai River where she arrived twelve hours before her advertised time. A few hours after leaving Hongkong we ran into very cold weather, our thickest clothes were donned and stoves were lit in the saloons; the further north we travelled, the greater was the change we experienced, and at Shanghai on Easter Sunday, the thermometer in the hotel verandah stood at only 50° Fahr. at noon.

Leaving the *Maru* at Woosung, we travelled up to Shanghai in the Company's steam launch. The morning was raw and damp, while occasional heavy showers drove us into the stuffy little cabin of the launch during most of the two hours run up to Shanghai. Large steamers seldom proceed up to the settlement; they generally remain some fourteen miles below the town, which is also connected with Woosung by railway.

It is only those ships who have to make a long stay, and who are not bound by a tide, who venture further up this broad river where we saw a good deal to interest us as we steamed up against the strong current. Several Chinese

men-of-war attended by gunboats and torpedo-boats lay above Woosung, and ocean steamers and large four-masted sailing ships were anchored amid stream, whilst the Chinese junks with their large fishy eyes, painted on the bows, were sailing, as usual, in pairs. The Chinaman always gives eyes to his boat, for he says, "Boat no got eyes, no can see, and no can see how can savez?" It was very wintry and cold as we landed on the bund, a bitter north-east wind was blowing, and the warm fires and comfortable rooms of the "Astor House" were very welcome on this bleak Easter morning. After luncheon, the day somewhat improved, and in our warmest wraps we ventured on a drive to see the sights of Shanghai. The "Bubbling Well," though it certainly "bubbled," was voted a fraud. Shanghai is divided up into concessions apportioned to the various European powers; but whilst England and America apparently chum together in the same blocks, the other nations maintain a proud reserve. Along the British portion of the bund, may be seen the familiar uniform of Policeman X, who is perhaps helping a stalwart Sikh to control the traffic in this small slice of Greater Britain. Crossing a bridge over a canal which runs at right angles to the bund, you are in France, and the gens d'armes, with much gesticulation, now become responsible for your safety. The street notices are printed in French, and you are in the midst of French cafés and barbers' shops; here also is the Hotel des Colonies which proclaims itself the worthy

arrival of the "Astor House." Every nation has its own post office as well as its own police. The red letter box of the English quarter of the town is supplanted, a few streets further off, by the sky blue receptacle surmounted by the eagle which always does duty for a letter box in the German Empire. The whole of the life of the place is centred round the British and American concession, where the fine race-course and cricket ground, the club and the well-built houses attest to the flourishing state of the settlement. A handsome cathedral has been built, and was prettily decorated, this Easter Sunday, with large bunches of white blossom. The evening service was largely attended, and a very fine choir sung the Easter hymns and anthems in a style which would have done credit to any cathedral service at home.

In addition to the rickshaw which is in general use at Shanghai, there is another more humble class of conveyance whose peculiar appearance is worth recording. This is a small barrow trundled by a Chinaman who holds the shafts, the single wheel is situated in the centre, and on either side there is a shelf for the accommodation of the passengers who are seated as they would be on an outside car. These cabs will carry as many as four people with perhaps a child or two extra thrown in. When the Jèhù has but one fare, he has to tilt over the conveyance, which he then propels at a more or less acute angle according to the weight of the load.

Before leaving Shanghai on Easter Monday a visit was paid to the silk and satin stores of Li Fook Hung, and several purchases of handsome brocades and silk material were completed. The China silk we saw was of very fine quality and far superior to any thing we came across later in Japan, and the price was considerably less than would have to be paid for the same material in Europe. At noon we returned to the steam launch which was to take us back to the *Maru*. We left Shanghai with regret. Its boast of being the most go-ahead town in the Far East seems fully deserved; the cold climate is all in its favour, and is probably the chief reason for the life and energy of the place, while it also accounts for the bright rosy cheeks of the English lasses whose complexions tell no tale of a too long stay in the East.

The *America Maru*, with an additional number of passengers, headed down stream shortly after 2 P.M. The fog, which at first had been slight, increased considerably as we got nearer the mouth of the river. We proceeded cautiously, the noisy blast of the steam siren constantly warned the careless Chinaman, probably asleep in his junk, of our approach, until we were well out at sea. Once clear of the land we found a strong wind was blowing; the fog had lifted, and for the rest of our journey across to Japan, we rolled and pitched in the most disconcerting manner. The cold was great, and to add to our discomfort, a heavy rain drove across the deck over which we had not even the

protection of an awning. The passage from Shanghai to Nagasaki is nearly always a bad one; for failing a strong wind and a rough sea, a dense fog is certain to hamper navigation.

At daylight on the morning of the 5th April, we entered the narrow passage which leads to the land-locked harbour of Nagasaki, passing many little islands, looking for all the world as if they had been cut out of a Japanese velvet picture. The small island of Papenberg stands at the entrance, and having traded for some centuries on a false reputation, is now known as the one on which the Christians were not martyred. The first object which strikes the eye on entering the beautiful harbour is an advertisement in gigantic letters on the hillside of a Japanese cigarette. The same outrage offends the taste at the entrance to the Inland Sea, where amid all the glories of nature you are hideously invited to drink "Tansan," a very pleasant mineral water which is manufactured near Kobé by an enterprising American firm.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### NAGASAKI—MOGGI—THE STRAITS OF SIMONASAKI—THE INLAND SEA.

OUR entrance into Nagasaki Harbour was not unattended with adventure, and it was probably due to the double-barrelled system which prevailed on the bridge that we careered round the harbour, first, almost rasping the bow of *H. M. S. Centurion*, then nearly grazing the stern of an angry-looking Russian cruiser. We were next made fast to the wrong buoy, and this entailed a second tour during which the passengers had ample leisure to inspect the shipping in the harbour and to carefully scrutinize the decks of an American transport whose career afloat we nearly ended. Once moored, the *Maru* was instantly surrounded by myriads of coal barges, one being almost sunk in its premature endeavour to be the first alongside, and its coolies, chiefly girls, were seen to hastily fling themselves off on to a passing sampan or into the water, whence they were rescued amidst much laughter by their friends.

Nagasaki, like Port Said, claims the record for rapid coaling. In a moment coal was being flung on board in every direction. All the passengers were equally anxious to escape from the dust and dirt with which they were sur-



rounded, but this proved to be no easy matter. After clambering down a rickety companion which we shared with the grimy coal-laden damsels of Nagasaki, we had to pick our way as best we could, across a dozen coal barges on to a launch which was to take us ashore ; nor was it any consolation to be told by the ship's officers that the coal was not dirty ! The officers of the *Maru* were a charming and gentlemanly lot, and it was no fault of theirs that complaints were so rife on the ship. Ever anxious to suit the convenience of every individual passenger, they could do nothing with the lazy, good-for-nothing crew over whom they were placed, and out of whom it seemed impossible to get anything but the minimum of work with the maximum of trouble.

The first impression of Japan which the traveller gets on landing at Nagasaki is a very favourable one, especially if he times his arrival so as to see the first blossoming of the cherry tree. Early in April at Nagasaki the fruit trees put on their gayest bloom, and the people vie with the flowers in their brilliant colouring. The roadsides and gardens were a mass of colour, and brightly-clad holiday makers, carrying branches of blossom, were everywhere admiring the beauty of the scene which they always depict in their paintings or sing of in their poems.

The fruit of these trees is not fit to eat, and they are only cultivated on account of the beauty of the flower which the people ruthlessly break off

in large branches to decorate their tea-houses and temples. The morning was spent in idling about the town, cursorily looking at a temple or two, examining the curios and wares of the shops, and making a few small purchases of tortoise-shell work which is a speciality of Nagasaki. A visit was also paid to the bank where our first acquaintance was made with the yen, or Japanese dollar, which is worth 100 sen or cents, and can be purchased for about two shillings and two pence of English money. Since the introduction of the gold standard in Japan, the silver dollars have been withdrawn from circulation, and such as are left are occasionally palmed off on the unwary globe-trotter who soon finds they occasion him a loss of twenty per cent. The paper yen and the small silver and nickel coins are in general use, whilst the handsome ten and twenty dollar gold pieces are rarely seen in circulation.

After luncheon at the new and comfortable looking Nagasaki Hotel, we started in rickshaws for Moggi, an expedition which can be easily done in three hours, and the steep hill over which the road winds, affords an excellent opportunity for a walk. The scenery is enchanting ; from the summit of the hill, after leaving the town, you overlook the blue waters of the harbour with its natural amphitheatre of dark green hills ; around you the small Japanese huts and larger water mills nestle among clumps of cherry trees in full bloom, while here and there the bright pink

blossom of the peach and the white flower of the almond tree add variety to the gay colouring of the landscape. The slopes of the hills are arranged, for purposes of irrigation, as terraces on which the barley was ripening; whilst lower down in the valleys, the young rice was being carefully nursed before transplanting. After a short interval which the rickshaw men claimed for rest and refreshment at the tea-house on the top of the hill, and where we sampled our first cup of the weak insipid Japanese tea, we began the descent through cultivated groves of bamboos, past whirling streams and miniature waterfalls, to the little fishing village of Moggi. Prettily situated on the shores of the Gulf of Abama, the little town, in itself, presents few attractions, though the view from the two tea-houses which overlook the bay is a very fine one. The road from Nagasaki lies through a picturesque bit of country along which it is pleasant enough to walk; but little short of torture to be dragged over in a rickshaw. It was our first experience of a Japanese road, and we were to have many others during the next month. Though Japanese enthusiasts had descanted on the pleasures of a rickshaw ride, they had not enlightened us on the demerits of the abominable tracks which do duty for highways in this country. To be jolted and bumped over stones and across ruts, now at one angle and now at another, requires a fortitude which nothing but a long residence in Japan will give, and can only be really enjoyed by that.

curious type of person who is blindly prepared to accept everything in Japan as perfect.

Before starting on this holiday we had read numberless guide books and other works on the country. We meant to travel with our eyes open and to learn as much as we could of the people we were about to visit. According to these works, everything in Japan was enchanting, and no false note was ever sounded, or disturbed the harmony of the pæan of praise. Since leaving Hongkong, many of our fellow-passengers, who knew Japan well, had warned us that all was not faultless in the country. We had found the Japanese sailor and steward each an indifferent specimen of his class, and it was not long before we realised that the unstinted praise so freely lavished on "things Japanese" is but often the result of acute Japomania.

Of the two fair attendants at the tea-house at Moggi, one could speak English fluently, whilst the other was equally at home in the Russian language, and they could entertain and attend to the wants of their principal customers, who, they told us, were generally English or Americans and Russians. In Nagasaki the foreign element consists practically of the above nationalities, and Russia has long looked upon this pleasant seaport town as a sanitarium and playground of her own.

An Englishman travelling in the Far East for the first time will probably be astonished at the amount of English he hears talked around

him. It is now, as a French officer explained to us, the commercial language of the world, just as formerly French was the language of courtiers and diplomacy. Except in a French colony or in a French concession, the French language is rarely spoken at any of the ports the traveller stops to visit. English, moreover, is now being taught in all the schools and colleges in Japan. It was curious to hear a Chinaman and a Japanese talking English together, though no less strange to find a Greek merchant and a German man of business making use of the same medium of conversation. After dining ashore, we were to return on board our *Maru*, which was advertised to start at midnight on her onward journey. The Company's launch would, we had been told, take all the passengers off to the ship from the wharf at 9-30 P.M. After vainly waiting in the cold for half an hour, sampans were engaged in which to return to our ship. The launch was in charge of a Japanese, who, with true national disregard to the binding powers of an agreement, had failed to keep the tryst. Half-way across the harbour we found the launch lying securely moored with fires banked for the night and her casual attendant comfortably curled up in his blanket, where we regretfully left him in peace. We did not leave Nagasaki until early the following morning, and at three in the afternoon we entered the narrow straits of Simonosaki, which command the western entrance to the Inland Sea. The straits are

named after a small village on the northern side, which has become famous in history as the place where the treaty of peace was signed after the late war between China and Japan. The small hut occupied by Li Hung Chang, the Chinese plenipotentiary, is kept as a show place. On the southern shore is the larger town of Mogee with a considerable harbour and a large coaling station; this is the northern terminus of the railway from Nagasaki. From Mogee a ferry steamer connects with the rail-head across the straits, and but for this short break, the traveller can do the whole journey from Nagasaki to Yokohama by railway. By so doing, however, he misses the pleasant voyage through the beautiful scenery of the Inland Sea, where he is sure to be free from any disturbing effects of the wind on the ocean. The straits are strongly fortified against any possible hostile attack, forts command all the approaches, heavy guns are mounted on the bastions, whilst narrow paths, cut in the mountain side, lead from one work to the other. The deep blue waters were as still as those of a lake, save here and there, in the narrower passages, where the inflowing tide boiled and swirled against the rocky overhanging cliffs. This narrow passage is a regular wind trap through which, as we entered, an icy blast was blowing straight from Vladivostock; so said a Russian passenger, with all the pride of possession, and in a few minutes the thermometer on deck fell from 56° to 42° Fahr. Un-

der the circumstances, one's admiration of this enchanting scene was tempered by a keen desire to seek shelter in the wheel-house from the piercing wind.

Just as we cleared the narrow entrance to the Inland Sea, a German man-of-war, the *Kaiser*, passed us on her way to China. The officer in command was seen anxiously pacing the deck, whilst the other officers with their glasses were evidently trying to make out our designs. Their anxiety was not without reason, for it looked as if the *America Maru* were bent on ramming the battleship. There was not much sea-room, and the passengers on the deck of the mail steamer watched with interest the efforts of the German to avoid our serpentine advance. However, we glided safely past, and our man at the wheel, a lively little Jap, now found a new source of amusement in steering an erratic course through a fleet of fishing smacks amongst whom he created a regular panic.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### KOBE—SATSUMA—HIOGO—THE "JAPANESE WELCOME SOCIETY."—THE WRESTLERS.

WE arrived off Kobé on the morning of the 7th April, and after undergoing a searching medical inspection, we were permitted to enter the harbour. The Japanese authorities are very particular that this inspection is carefully carried out, and insist upon counting every head on board. A story is told that on the last voyage of our particular steamer, the ship's complement was short by forty men of the number borne on the books. The officials could not accept this statement and refused to allow the ship to proceed, unless the full number of the crew was produced. Another of the Company's steamers was lying near, so, to solve the difficulty, an officer went off in a boat to the sister ship and returned with the necessary number of seamen, who were duly paraded before the Health Officers. The loan was subsequently returned, and as all the formalities had been complied with, pratique was granted. Once ashore and through the Customs, we made for the Oriental Hotel, where we had been careful to secure our rooms in advance. This precaution proved to be very necessary, as we found that every hole and corner was engaged.



The next thing to be done was to pay a visit to the British Consul for the purpose of obtaining a passport, without which, no foreigner can travel beyond the immediate vicinity of the treaty ports. Passports will be no longer necessary after August of this year, when the new treaties are to come into force. Under the new rules, foreigners will be permitted to travel without restriction over the whole of Japan, but, on the other hand, to counterbalance this advantage the foreigners, amongst other conditions, will no longer be able to claim trial before their own Consuls. Under existing rules any dispute between Japs and foreigners is settled by a Consul ; under the new treaties, all jurisdiction will be placed in the hands of native judges, and the residents and men of business are looking forward to the change with anything but pleasure.

Kobé, the most important of the Japanese treaty ports, is a large town built along the sea-shore and consists of European-looking dwelling-houses and well built streets, in which the various firms have their offices and warehouses. To the north of the town lies a high range of hills, and on their lower slopes many pretty villas have been built.

Higher up there are pretty walks through shady groves and Japanese temples and tea-houses, where the holiday-loving people congregate. A torrent bursts through a gorge in the mountain, dashing over a series of step-like falls into the river below. This "Nunobiki

"Waterfall" is perhaps the principal sight of Kobé ; immediately behind it extensive water-works are being constructed, and, when completed, the water-supply of Kobé will rob this cascade of some of its volume.

Kobé itself has not much to attract the sight-seer, though a visit should be paid to the Studio of Ban Kaizan, who is reputed to be the best dealer of Satsuma ware in the country. Additional interest is afforded, when making purchases of this highly decorated porcelain, by being able to witness the actual painting of the design by the workmen who occupy a shed next door to the shop. The very elaborate and almost microscopic drawing seems to justify the high price which is asked for even the smallest cup or plate. The designs, in which hundreds of figures are represented as attending perhaps some festival or play, are painted with the finest camel's hair brushes, deftly handled, often by quite young boys, who sit diligently at their work surrounded by small saucers containing the gold and the paints used to depict the elaborate scenes of Japanese life. New Satsuma is very different from old ; this can now be rarely obtained, and is as remarkable for the total absence of any design or figure as for the highly polished glaze of its surface. Various specimens of modern Satsuma are offered for sale at all the curio shops in Japan, but they differ in design and quality as much as they do in price. We never saw any that came up to the beautiful specimens shown us by Ban

Kaizan, who has a true artistic appreciation of the value of his work.

To the west of Kobé, and separated from it by the Minatagawa River, lies the extensive native city of Hiogo. The bed of this river is considerably higher than the roofs of the town through which it flows. This is due to the gradual silting up of the river, whilst the inhabitants, for fear of floods in the rainy season have each year increased the height of the banks.

Hiogo is thoroughly Japanese, and possesses a fine assortment of temples devoted to the cult of both Shintoism and Buddhism. We visited one of these on the day of a festival. Crowds of boys, picturesquely arrayed in white and blue garments, were carrying large gilded cars, in which smaller boys were seated, who kept up an incessant dirge to their own accompaniments of drum and cymbal in spite of the unpleasant motion of their conveyance, which was being alternately jolted up and down and swayed from side to side. The environs of the temple were given up to numerous booths, where toys and sweetmeats were being sold, to penny-peep shows and cheap dramatic performances, and to a conjuror, who performed his tricks before a gaping crowd. This magician held his audience spell-bound, whilst he ate, with evident relish, quantities of burning tow. A guileless peasant, in town for the day, was persuaded to imitate this feat, which he did with dire results, and retired precipitately amidst the jeers of his companions.

In the same neighbourhood are several other temples and shrines, which the rickshaw men insisted on our seeing. Temples, like truffles, are an acquired taste. Taken in moderation, temples are all very well, but there is also nothing of which the traveller gets more readily satiated.

To the ordinary tourist one temple is very much like another, unless there is a festival going on, when the scene is thoroughly novel and enjoyable, though the average guide considers that a visit to Japan should consist of a weary round of curio shops and temples. We had luckily refused to be guided, and were determined to see Japan our own way.

We had been advised to buy a small vocabulary and a Murray's guide-book. This work has great literary merit, and is admirably written and most carefully corrected every year, giving the stranger an account of everything he can possibly wish to see in Japan. Written with a strong bias in favour of the country, it errs occasionally by the too free use of superlative adjectives in describing scenery and buildings of note. These minor considerations apart, we found Murray an invaluable companion, and a worthy substitute to that worst of task-masters—a Japanese guide.

The guides of Japan have enrolled themselves in a body under the title of the "Japanese Welcome Society," and have produced a very good map of the country, which may be purchased for fifty sen. Their scale of charges has increased proportionately with everything else. For two

dollars and a half a day and everything found they undertake to show the traveller all he can see equally well by referring to Murray's guide-book, before he sets out for the day. For this charge, however, the guide will book your luggage, take your ticket, pay all small fees and settle with the importunate rickshaw coolie, in this way effecting a considerable saving of trouble and perhaps temper. In spite of these small advantages, we always pitied guide-led tourists. Taken from temple to temple and from town to town, forced to patronize a particular curio shop for the sake of the handsome commission claimed by the Society, and generally not knowing to-day whither they were to be led to to-morrow, they never got half the enjoyment which is derived from making out your own route and picking your way about with the help of a few words of the vernacular and the assistance of a rickshaw man, who could barely speak half a dozen words of English.

In former years, when the country was less opened up, a guide was a necessity. Travelling along unbeaten tracks, he cooked your European meal at the wayside tea-house, and, in addition to his other duties, considered himself your personal servant. The majority of travellers stick now-a-days to the network of execrable railways, which overrun the country, and are led, from Grand Hotel to Grand Hotel by a gentleman, who is far too great a personage to do any menial work, and who nearly doubles the expense of the tour.

The famous wrestlers from Tokio happened to be at Kobé, and we secured seats for an afternoon performance on a day when the first and second champions of Japan were advertised to appear. The show was held in a large enclosure roughly constructed of bamboos and mats. In the centre was a square platform covered with a canopy, and raised some four feet above the ground. Two absolutely immovable figures were seated at two opposite corners ; they were the referees, who are invariably drawn from the ranks of superannuated wrestlers, and one of the two, we were told, had been the champion of his day. It is to show their impartiality, that they keep up this stolid appearance, and it is only when appealed to by the Umpire that they make any sign of life. Their decision is given as curtly as possibly, and they then relapse into a state of apparent coma and sit with arms and legs crossed like any image of Buddha. The spectators were seated on rickety planks, placed in tiers round the arena, and, as they had come for the day, they had brought with them their food and the inevitable hibachi and tea pot, for the performance goes on from early morning until dusk.

Hawkers sold beer and cigarettes and aerated waters, or retailed pictures of the wrestlers and illustrated narratives of their achievements.

The centre of the platform was marked with a ten-foot ring, and the adversaries endeavoured to throw or push one another outside this circle. A small boy came forward and, with

considerable flourish, called out the names of the two wrestlers who were first to try their skill. If the name was that of a popular hero, the announcement was greeted with shouts of applause. The combatants, who were seated among the audience, disrobed in public and mounted the stage, where they saluted one another with much posturing and elaboration. They were enormously fat men, tall for Japanese, and had pleasant placid faces, and wore as their only garment, a very small dark blue belt, and their long hair was twisted in a coil at the top of the head. For some time they paraded the ring, slapping their fleshly limbs, flexing their joints and rinsing their mouths, until at a signal from the Umpire, they crouched like two frogs and faced one another. The Umpire is a personage of great importance ; his office is hereditary, and he wears the elaborate costume of bygone days. He carried the traditional fan, with which he gave the various signals to begin or to stop, and with it he also proclaimed the victor. Occasionally it happened that the narrow belt threatened to slip or become displaced during a bout, and in this case the combatants remained locked in one another's grasp, while the Umpire adjusted the scanty raiment. He then gave them each a light tap on the back and the struggle would be renewed, until one or the other was ejected from the ring.

Forty-eight tricks or throws are allowed to be used in this kind of wrestling, and though, in the course of the afternoon, several wrestlers

were neatly thrown, the bout frequently ended by the heavier man pushing, by sheer weight, the lighter one out of the ring. The proud title of champion can only be gained after a record of three years unbroken success ; a very subtle and powerful youth had been chosen to oppose the present holder of the belt, a colossal mountain of flesh, who quickly disposed of his rival. The victory, though anticipated, was the signal for a great burst of applause. Sweetmeats, fans, cigarettes and even hats and jackets were thrown into the ring, and the excitement did not subside for some time, for these wrestlers are as popular in Japan as are successful matadors in Spain.

One wrestler, who was waiting his turn, was seated with his friends close to us. During the interval that elapsed before he was to try conclusions with his opponent, this young giant consumed two bottles of beer, numerous indigestible-looking cakes and smoked many cigarettes. Being fit and in good condition is of no importance to these wrestlers ; it is only weight that tells, and it is with the intention of putting on flesh, that they eat and drink all they can get, at every possible opportunity.

When all was over, the various competitors, led by their champion, marched round in procession. Each wrestler wore a gorgeously embroidered apron, which had been presented to him by his admirers, and the champion in addition had a girdle made of a coil of thick hemp rope, twisted round his waist.



Some of the combatants, in the course of the afternoon, had been heavily thrown, and one was hurled over the edge of the platform on to the ground. Generally, however, the bouts ended rather tamely, and in most cases the defeated combatant was simply pushed out of the ring by the superior weight of the other mass of adipose tissue.

## CHAPTER X.

### OSAKA—KIOTO—THE MIYAKO-ODORI.

A COUPLE of days were devoted to Kobé and Hiogo before we commenced our journey inland. It is a matter of some nicety securing tickets at a Japanese railway station. There is always a large crowd travelling, and the booking office is only opened ten minutes before the train starts. The clerk, who leisurely reads all the detail on your passport, and works out your fare with an abacus, is never in a hurry, nor are the passengers, who are quite content, if they miss one train, to sit and quietly smoke on the chance of catching the next. We booked through to Kioto, and leaving our baggage to speed on alone to its destination, we alighted at Osaka, after an hour's run through extensive crops of flowering rape seed, whose bright yellow flower covered the fields, stretching away to the sea on the one side, and up to the foot of the hills on the other.

Osaka, invariably described as the Birmingham of Japan, is situated on the shore of the Inland Sea, and is the most important manufacturing town in the country. It is not very attractive to the ordinary visitor, who can in a couple of hours see the town and visit the old Daimyo Castle, a large and solidly built mediæval structure, now used as the head-

quarters of the military garrison. From the Castle, a particularly intelligent rickshaw man, who was evidently qualifying for future admission to the ranks of the "Welcome Society," took us to the Mint, where we saw the new gold coins being struck. The Mint is situated by the side of the river, and the embankment is planted with cherry trees, which were in full bloom. This was the first day of the cherry blossom festival, and we were fortunate in finding the place crowded with cheery holiday makers, all in their brightest clothes, and all eagerly pressing the same way to view the rich double blossom they so dearly love and almost worship. It was a wonderfully pretty scene, unrecorded in any guide-book. On the river, boats were lazily gliding up and down, their brightly clad occupants equally intent on enjoyment, whilst one and all, both afloat and ashore, carried sprays and branches with which to decorate their homes at the end of the day's jaunt. For luncheon we repaired to the Osaka Hotel, a big uncomfortable looking place, consisting chiefly of a spacious banqueting hall, where the Chambers of Commerce and trading companies hold their banquets in true European fashion. Osaka possesses large arsenals, railway works and factories of all kinds, and the numerous shops in the crowded streets are full of the thousand and one articles of every-day use, all made in Osaka. Clocks and musical instruments, beer and cigarettes, machinery and clothes are all samples of the

work of the place. An hour's run by train in the afternoon landed us at the Kioto Railway Station. Yaami's Hotel had been burnt down a few days before our arrival, but we found very fair accommodation at the Kioto Hotel; though under the same management, it has not maintained the same reputation as the more patronized, but now temporarily extinct, one on Mayurama.

The praises of Kioto have so often been sung, and its attractions are so numerous, that no attempt will be made to describe them all in these pages. Five or six days can profitably be spent at Kioto, and Murray's guide-book gives an interesting and accurate account of the sights of this charming place.

Our visit to the old residence of the Mikado had been timed so as to hit off the Cherry Blossom Festival, and our first evening was devoted to witnessing the Miyako-Odori or cherry blossom dance. This performance is an annual one, and is given for twenty nights only at this season. People from all parts of the kingdom flock into Kioto, and each evening assemble in the street outside the Hanami-Koji, the training hall for Geishas, where the dance takes place.

A representation is given at intervals from five to eleven every evening, and the good natured people contentedly remain outside, until such time as they can be admitted into the dancing hall, which can seat about four hundred people. Little groups are formed, tea is con-

sumed and cigarettes are smoked, and there is no hurry, for if they cannot enter in time for this performance, they may have better luck the next, and if not to-day, why to-morrow or the day after.

During the festival every one resigns himself to the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature and pleasure reigns supreme. Although the Government are trying to make an essentially idle and pleasure-loving people alter their ways, the day is yet far distant, when the subjects of the Mikado will forego their festivals and dances, and take their pleasure more solidly and more sadly as the authorities are said to desire. A few days before our arrival in Kioto, a police edict had been issued, prohibiting the masquerade in the streets, which usually takes place at this season. The reason given for this order was that it would be unbecoming for foreigners to see a people, so shortly about to enjoy the benefits of the new treaties, thus barbarously enjoying itself.

We were not kept waiting long for admission to the dancing hall. By the courtesy of the management, we were able to slip through the expectant crowd, and reached the outer verandah, where our boots were encased in felt covers to protect the dainty mats from being soiled. The old custom of invariably removing the shoes on entering a dwelling-house is gradually disappearing, and the modern innovation of boot covers is being generally introduced. This is no doubt due to the fact that large numbers of

Japanese now wear European foot gear, which is more difficult to remove than the native shoe.

This formality complied with, we passed through an inner chamber devoted to the tea serving ceremony, where the maidens are taught this art with all its pretty gestures and by-play.

At a sign from an attendant we dived, just ahead of the crowd, through a narrow passage, whence a paper screen had been removed. Down a couple of steps and round a corner we sped, or rather were carried by the crowd pressing behind us. Once in the theatre, we had an hour to wait, as the curtain had but that moment been rung down at the conclusion of the last performance. The time did not appear long ; there was so much to interest one in the audience ; for as each little family group or party of friends forced their way on to the floor of the pit, little circles were formed, more tea and more cigarettes were consumed, with much voluble chatter. Brightly dressed little ladies, carrying their babies pick-a-back, toddled off on a visit through the crowd to other groups, where amidst more laughter and gossip, tea was again imbibed. On either side of the pit, a high platform was raised above the heads of the audience ; this led on to the stage and formed a bridge, along which the actors advanced. Behind these auxiliary stages hung curtains which soon were raised, revealing two rows of Geishas, who composed the orchestra and chorus. The music girls on the right of the theatre were dressed in varying shades of blue

and played on the samisen, a guitar-like instrument, which is played with an ivory stick shaped like a shoe-horn. Their companions on the opposite side, clad in shades of pink, extracted music from drums and cymbals, whilst a running chant in dull monotone, occasionally broken by a cat-like wail, was kept up the whole time. This chorus sang the poem of the festival, which is composed each year for the occasion, and in it are related the beauties and merits of the cherry blossom. The overture lasted some time before the curtain was raised on the principal stage. The music then grew louder, fairly drowning the hubbub in the pit, where expectation was now on tiptoe, for the dance was about to begin. From the back of the théâtre, along each raised platform tripped the Maikos or dancing girls, sixteen on either side, slowly advancing and posturing to the accompaniment of the vocal and instrumental music of the chorus. These thirty-two maidens, their faces painted and powdered, brilliantly dressed in scarlet and white, danced along, until they met on the stage. There was no dancing according to our Western notions, merely a graceful waving of arms and swaying of the body and poising of the foot, whilst all the time fans were fluttered and handkerchiefs were waved. The Maikos passed one another across the stage and glided back along the raised passage, whence they disappeared again at the back, as the curtain went down amid loud applause.

The music, which had ceased for a moment, soon began afresh with increased energy, and the curtain rose on the thirty-two dancers, who had crept back unseen on to the stage by some backway. Artistically grouped, some kneeling and others standing, surrounded by gaily decorated scenes, they were invoking the spring, which was to bring the long wished for bloom. It was amusing to watch the hideous old ladies prowling about the stage, correcting the position or arranging the fall of a dress or bunching out an obi. These ladies assisted throughout the performance, and made believe that they were invisible. The dancers rose and retired gracefully to the wings, whilst the scenery was rapidly shifted, and then returned, waving gay scarves, with which they welcomed the pleasant spring breezes. Another quick change and behold the cherry blossom was in full bloom, myriads of little lamps hung from the flower laden branches, and a bright and realistic moon wended her way all too quickly across the back of the scene.

The dance continued brightly. The lights were extinguished, and during the momentary darkness, the scenery was again changed, and the climax of the dance was reached, when amidst fresh music and song, the graceful dancers bade farewell to the flower, which so brightens the spring season of the gay little Geishas and Mousmes.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### KIOTO—NARA—THE DEER PARK—THE THEATRE AT KIOTO.

WE devoted our second day in Kioto to visiting first the temples and next the park, where the cherry blossom was in full bloom. Here the citizens and country folk were assembled in holiday attire, all intent on paying their respects to the principal cherry tree, which is one of the largest in Japan. The branches, supported by bamboos, droop to the ground under the weight of the rich clusters. All around are placed seats covered with red blankets and small platforms, on which tea is served by the attendants from the neighbouring tea-houses. We were unable to visit the palace and castle of Kioto, as we had not yet provided ourselves with the necessary permits, which can only be obtained from the Legation at Tokio. We hoped to see them on our return to Kioto before leaving the country, and in the meanwhile consoled ourselves with the thought that there were plenty of other buildings for us to devote our attention to among the temples on the wooded slopes of Mayurama. Chief among these is the Royal Chioen Temple, a magnificent structure, where formerly the Royal Family worshipped. The suites of royal apartments with their painted screens and other numerous specimens of Japa-

nese art are shown to the visitor by one of the priests. This building is within a few minutes' walk of Yaami's Hotel, whose charred embers were being cleared away as we passed. The whole hillside is thickly studded with temples and shrines, which nestle amidst the dark foliage of the cryptomerias and the lighter shades of the ever-changing maple. From most of these places of worship, a fine view of the city can be had, and a good insight obtained of the manners and customs of the people, who are ever flocking to the temples, and whose religion is curiously mixed with their amusement and every-day life. The shrine devoted to Jishu Jinja is famous for the healing power of the images it contains ; there is also another curious little shrine, on which are placed the one hundred and fifty stone images, from among which the modern Hannah selects a deity, to whom she offers her daily prayer.

Once her prayer has been answered, she expresses her gratitude by hanging a little flannel cape around the neck of the chosen image ; some were evidently more efficacious than others, and one particularly squat little personage had no less than four of these bibs suspended from his neck.

We went from here to the famous Sanjusan-gendo Temple, in which one thousand and one sculptured and gilded images of Buddha have been standing in rows for nearly seven hundred years. Made of wood, they suffer naturally from the wear and tear of ages, and a busy staff

is kept at work, carrying out the necessary repairs in the back verandah, and subscriptions are kindly solicited to keep up this good work.

A trip to Nara can comfortably be made from Kioto between breakfast and dinner, with ample time to loiter about the beautiful deer park, for which this place is famous. After a railway journey of an hour and-a-half through a fertile country, consisting chiefly of tea gardens and orchards, we alighted at the little station of Nara, where rickshaws were procured. Nara bears no trace now of having once been the chief city of the Empire. The town has flitted away to more important centres, and the rickshaw in a few minutes carried us through the sole remaining street of this whilom capital. Near the entrance to the park, our rickshaw men made us alight and pointed out the hungry gold fish and carp in the pond, who had to be propitiated with cakes, which for two sen an attendant supplied. This fetish complied with, we entered the park and were surrounded by the deer, who pushed their velvet muzzles into our hands, evidently expecting the cakes, which we here also had to purchase. The park of Nara is very extensive, and contains many broad avenues of gigantic cryptomerias with rows of stone lanterns on either side, and these increase in number as the shrine is neared, whose approach they are intended to illumine. The main avenue which leads to the principal temple is a particularly fine one. Near the entrance to the park is a large bronze fountain, from which the

water flows out of a horn, held in the mouth of a life-sized deer, into the basin below. The trees are of enormous height and size; one cryptomeria we found to measure forty feet round the trunk at a height of five feet from the ground. Under the shade of these kings of the forest, amidst the glades and glens of the park, the deer graze or lie about in perfect security and with absolute confidence. At this season, every bank is thick with anemones and violets, whilst here and there the general darkness of the foliage is relieved by flowering shrubs. Clumps of cherry trees and cameliās are planted near the temple of Kagura, which is one of the most important shrines of Shinto worship. Here some girls executed a religious dance at a charge of one dollar ahead to the accompaniment of rather doleful chanting by the local priest.

Our next move was to discuss the contents of the neatly packed luncheon basket which was supplied from the hotel; it contained everything necessary for a capital meal, and included even a pair of paper napkins. The rickshaw men enrolled themselves as waiters for this picnic, uncorked the bottles, and finally packed up the kit, polishing off the broken meats before we moved on.

A curious specimen of the skill of the Japanese gardener may be seen near the temple, where, grafted on one trunk, are seven varieties of trees, one of which is always calculated to be in bloom. A climb up the steep summit of

the "three mountains," piled one atop of the other, is rewarded by a fine view, and the "demon of exercise" propitiated in this manner, we sought rest in the temple of the Daibutsu, the mighty image of Buddha, whose solemn countenance conveys the absolute expression of perfect peace. After leaving the park, we had just time for a hurried cup of tea at the tidily kept "Chrysanthemum" Inn before catching the train, which was to take us back to Kioto.

We spent one evening at the theatre, but we arrived too late to witness more than the end of the tragedy, which had begun at eight that morning. During the last act, which was all we saw, two of the performers died violent deaths. <sup>Each</sup> The corpse then rose and retired from behind the semi-shelter of a common blanket, which an attendant held up with a view to screening his exit.

During the various incidents of the play, each actor was attended by a crouching super, who, with a candle attached to a long pole, held out horizontally, lit up his every move. This light was promptly withdrawn when the actor ceased to be the centre of interest, or was ostentatiously plotting, darkly and unseen, with the villain at the back.

The piece was an historical one, with thrilling incidents admirably acted by the performers, whose costumes were magnificent specimens of the embroiderer's art. The star, by his deep, broken and somewhat husky voice, solemn stage tread and energetic gesticulation, reminded one

forcibly of a certain famous London tragedian. This actor enjoyed a great measure of popularity, and in Japan this takes a peculiar form. As a mark of their approval, the audience bestow on the successful actor, not a silver inkstand or diamond mounted pin, but a drop scene, on which are depicted the chief claims to fame of the recipient. At the conclusion of the performance, these drop scenes are all severally exhibited in front of the footlights.

After an interval, the tragedy was succeeded by an evidently popular burlesque of the celebrated cherry blossom dance, in which the performers were all of the sterner sex. They were admirably got up in imitation of the Maikos and Geishas, and were extremely funny in their imitation of the petulant little stamping of the foot and artless hiding of the face and other characteristic features of the real dance. The dancing and singing were more lively than that which we had witnessed at the Miyako-Odori, the dresses and scenery were quite as perfect, and the dancers, if not as dainty, were certainly more amusing than their sisters.

During one of the intervals necessary to effect a change of scene, an ancient opera or "Nō Dance" was performed on a portion of the stage in front of a drop scene, which represented Fujiyama in winter garb. A Daimyo rode on in hunting dress, followed by two brightly clad attendants. The horse, a canvas figure supported by two men, whose nether limbs were distinctly visible, was at least eighteen hands

high, and at a pinch might have done duty for a giraffe. The attendants solemnly danced, whilst the Daimyo, who had climbed down from the saddle, nothing daunted by the unseasonableness of his surroundings, seated himself in the snow and composed a poem, which he inscribed on his golden tablets, and subsequently recited to the attendants, who appeared deeply impressed. After a renewal of the dancing, the sporting author remounted his perch and rode away and the "Nō Dance" ended.

The carpentering behind Fujiyama was finished, and the second part of the burlesque began. Here a pleasing variety on the original was introduced, for during the Miyako-Odori the curtain had risen on the thirty-two gracefully grouped girls, whereas in the burlesque, the men rose slowly through a trap in the floor. This burlesque, cleverly carried out and tastefully produced, enjoyed almost as much popularity as the original.

The men were individually better musicians and better dancers than were their rivals at the other house, and to this was due the success of the entertainment which necessarily lacked many of the attractions afforded by the dainty little ladies.

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## CHAPTER XII.

KIOTO—THE RAPIDS—ARAYASHIMA—THE OTSU  
CANAL—THE KARASAKI PINE TREE.

NATURALLY we devoted one day to shooting the rapids. Leaving the hotel after an early breakfast, we proceeded to the village of Tamba. This part of the journey is accomplished in rickshaws and takes three hours. The two men pull and push lustily the whole way up the steep gradients and over the bad bits of roads without ever seeming to tire, though they naturally expect the refreshment provided for them at the half-way tea-house. The road would be a good one if attempts were ever made to keep it in repair, but like all the roads in Japan, over which we had the misfortune to be jolted, it is a mass of ruts and cavities, which for want of a little metalling are a source of positive agony to the traveller. The pleasures of the drive also are considerably marred by the insufferable stench which attacks your nostrils on first leaving Kioto and in the neighbourhood of every village you pass through.

Though countless chapters have been written, extolling the beauties of the roadside scenery in Japan and the charm of a Jap village, no one has ever descanted on the less pleasant but very obtrusive side of the picture. Only in Canton



are smells to be encountered, which can compete with the odours emanating from the richly cultivated gardens and fields on either side of the roads in Japan. The cause is not far to seek. The cleansing of the town is entrusted to carriers, who remove in open barrels and deposit on the fields the result of their scavenging ; though this may have a good effect on the crops, it is nauseating in the extreme to the traveller, and is another one of the many unrecorded effects we experienced in the country. At Tamba we embarked with our rickshaws and coolies on board a barge, which we had taken the precaution to order by telegram the previous day. Several parties of tourists were out the same day, and we started down the rapids in a procession of four boats. These barges are large flat-bottomed craft, built of very thin planks, and have a crew of five men who take it in turn to row and steer, every now and then using a long iron-pointed bamboo wherewith to push off from some threatening looking rock.

The journey down to Arayashima lasted two hours and was full of excitement. The torrent, as it dashes between two ranges of hills, surging against the rocks, caused the thin planks beneath our feet to bend and heave, whilst the boat, deftly steered, was carried precipitously from one whirlpool to another over the rapids, down which we sped at a rate of nearly twelve miles an hour.

A new railway from Kioto to the northern coast is being constructed up this narrow gorge,

and is a fine piece of engineering, though the solid masonry embankment and the numerous tunnels will detract from the picturesqueness of the scenery.

Just above Arayashima the river assumes a quieter aspect, the rapids are left behind, and we are no longer in the wild mountain scenery, through which we have passed for the last two hours. The hillsides are thickly planted with maple trees ; here and there a picturesque little tea-house stands on some prominent point and commands a pretty view of the peaceful water below. A bathing establishment, which is passed on the right, is much patronized by young men who go there to remove the effects of saké, when they have indulged too freely at any of the numerous houses of refreshment down at the village. Arayashima, where we disembarked, was *en fête* ; many booths had been run up along the banks of the stream in front of the row of tea-houses. These were all occupied by holiday makers, drinking tea and watching the numerous boats plying with their laughter-loving passengers, with whom jests and jokes were freely exchanged. The place was not unlike a bit of the Thames on a bank-holiday. Beggars dogged your footsteps and asked for charity, rowdy young bloods out for the day leered at the girls, while their elder companions refreshed themselves with the local equivalent to shrimps, water-cress and tea.

The martial note of a bugle resounded across the water from a clump of cherry trees

opposite the tea-house where we were having our luncheon, watching the gay scene beneath us. Instantly the smart little soldiers, who had been strolling about chaffing the Moosmes, smoking, and drinking tea, started off at the double, fell in and marched off, bugle band ahead. They belonged to a battalion of infantry out for a route march, which had made a temporary halt before resuming their tramp back to the barracks at Kioto. A sturdy serviceable little lot they looked in their German uniform.

Only one little incident served to disturb the harmony of this pleasant afternoon. At the tea-house, our luncheon, which we had brought with us, was served by the much vaunted tea-house maiden, whose attentions were as unpleasant as they were uncalled for. She suffered, poor girl, from a bad cold; her hands would have been a disgrace to a lodging house slavey, and her curiosity knew no bounds. As she insisted upon touching everything we ate, and considered it her special privilege to peel our oranges, chattering and giggling the whole time, it is perhaps not surprising that we abandoned what might have been a dainty little repast and sought refuge from her importunity by beating a hasty retreat in our rickshaws. It is sad perhaps to have to confess that the tea-house maiden is another Japanese fraud. Generally homely, any charm she may possess is counter-balanced by the insatiable curiosity she considers it good form to display.

Another interesting trip which can be done

in a morning from Kioto is to go by rickshaw to Otsu, whence you can return by the high level canal in time for luncheon at the hotel.

The rickshaw drive to this town, which is situated on the southern shore of Lake Biwa, lies through charming scenery marred as usual, however, by the noisome strain on the olfactory nerves which we had experienced before, when passing cultivated ground. At Otsu we embarked with our rickshaws in a canal boat bound for Kioto. This canal is curiously contrived. The waters of Lake Biwa are admitted through a lock, the only one on the whole length of the canal which is constructed at such a slope that a boat will travel from Otsu to Kioto at a speed of nearly eight miles an hour. The canal is tunnelled through the mountains, so that most of the journey is made underground with no light save that given by the one paper lantern which the boatman carries in his hand. As we drifted swiftly through the gloom along this Styx-like stream, we occasionally passed a similarly lit boat being laboriously hauled up hand over hand against the current by means of a rope fastened to one side of the tunnel wall. The canal ends abruptly on some high ground above Kioto, and the boat is floated into a frame fixed on a rope railway ; in this way it can be transferred to another canal which runs through Kioto at a considerably lower level. As it was temporarily out of repair, we were unable to judge of the practical value of this ingenious contrivance.

Though we could well have put in a longer time at Kyoto, we could not spare more than six days in this delightful place, and left it on Saturday, the 15th April, for Otsu. The railway ascends a steep incline of one in forty crossing the lower end of a ridge near the pass of Osaka. Thence it descends to the shores of Lake Biwa skirting past Otsu. We alighted at the nearest station, Baba, some little way beyond the town, whence we were taken in rickshaws to the "Minareiti" Inn, a semi-Japanese, semi-European establishment where we had secured rooms.

From the station to the hotel we were, for the first time, at the mercy of the only disagreeable rickshaw coolie we met in the country. They are usually a cheery class, bright and keen, but at Otsu the exception proved the rule. Leaving our baggage at the hotel, we proceeded to the quay where, after a free use of our pocket vocabulary, we were guided to a small steamer lying under a wharf. For ten sen a small boy, who appeared to be in charge, promised to take us across a corner of the lake to Karasaki and to pick us up on his way back. This steamer was a wretched little affair, crowded with passengers, without any distinction of class, or any accommodation save what might be obtained from the very dirty floor of the deck, over which a piece of torn matting was spread for our special benefit. The trip across to the landing stage at Karasaki only lasted forty minutes. We were disembarked

over the steamer's side on to a very rickety pier which creaked and groaned under the weight of the half-dozen passengers who hobbled ashore in their clogs ; while we followed at a respectful distance. The Japanese clog is not adapted to the changed circumstances under which the modern Japanese has to exist. When scrambling in and out of a steamer, making a rush to catch a train or tram, the clog places the wearer at a distinct disadvantage.

There was nothing to see at Karasaki beyond the pine tree, which is described at great length in every guide-book. We spent fully five minutes in admiring its crooked crawling branches, and concluded that for shade-giving purposes a less pretentious and straighter timbered article would have been more valuable. For the remainder of the thirty-five minutes which we had to put in, until the return of our ferry steamer, we sat near the tree on a wooden couch imbibing Japanese tea which was given us by an unattractive Japanese tea-house maiden who, as usual, suffered from the national catarrh. We had grown accustomed to being stared at since our invasion of Japan, but it was a little trying to be surrounded by a ring of from twenty to thirty people who solemnly gaped at us, nor was it any use shifting our seat or perambulating the circumscribed area. The sight-seers followed the show, and they were not checkmated until in sheer desperation we sheltered ourselves behind an umbrella. In this manner we awaited the return of our *Maru*,

which eventually landed us amidst some packing cases and a heap of gravel on the quay at Otsu. Along a black and evil-smelling canal, we returned to the "Hotel and European Eating House" as our inn rather pompously styled itself. Originally a tea-house, a couple of rooms furnished according to Western notions had been added in a gallery overlooking a stagnant pool in which three rusty gold fish dragged out a miserable existence. This establishment combined the primitiveness and discomfort of a paper-house in cold weather, with the prices of a Grand Hotel. Opposite our rooms, across the pool, was situated the native dining-room, affording a full view of a Japanese dinner party at which the guests flirted with the slovenly attendant between their courses of lotus roots and raw fish.

We eat our dinner in another chamber upstairs, attended by Haloo San and her companion, when they could spare a moment from the rival party below. In the end we proved the superior attraction, and in the intervals of waiting upon us, they satisfied their curiosity by making a minute inspection of our wearing apparel while freely using their paper handkerchiefs. One of these maids showed a praiseworthy desire to improve herself in the English tongue. Dinner over, she fetched pen and ink and seating herself beside us, first enquired the name of every article of food of which we had partaken, and then wrote it down phonetically on the back of the bill of fare. This task was

as laborious to the teacher as it was to the pupil, who soon became hopelessly fogged over the contents of the cruet stand.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### LAKE BIWA—HIKONE—NAGOYA—JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

AFTER a cold and uncomfortable night we were not sorry to embark next day on board the small steamer which was to take us across Lake Biwa to Hikone.

Two shaky Windsor chairs were specially provided for our accommodation ; on these we sat, wrapped in rugs and cloaks behind the friendly shelter of an umbrella which was equally useful as a protection from the north wind, and as a means of defeating the curiosity of our fellow passengers, who stood in a crowd around us from start to finish of a four hours' journey. We had to submit to being painfully stared at by these people who have somehow or other earned a reputation for being the politest nation in the East.

In spite of these little discomforts, we never regretted having taken the steamer in preference to the railway as far as Hikone. The scenery was perfect and the day a gloriously fine one, with a bright blue sky over-head and a keen breeze blowing across the lake from the snowy peaks which encompass it on the northern side.

Off Hikone, we were dropped out of a small

port-hole into a flat-bottomed boat which was provided to take the passengers ashore. With some difficulty we obtained three rickshaws at this sleepy hollow, and after a cursory visit to the castle and town, we reached the railway station just in time to catch a slow train to Nagoya.

Hikone is another town whose glory has departed. Formerly the head-quarters of a great family, whose last representative was the chief instrument in the opening up of Japan, it can now boast of no attraction beyond the beauty of its situation on the pretty Biwa Lake.

We had some trouble in getting permission to proceed by this particular train, as we had first class through tickets to Yokohama, and this local "parliamentary" had nothing superior to offer than second class accommodation, and was only to proceed as far as Nagoya. We tried to explain that this was our objective, and in spite of ejaculations and gesticulations from the fussy railway officials, we shouldered our traps and bundled into the only second class carriage available. Up-to-date specimens of the modern Jap were sitting, or rather sprawling, over the cushions, imbibing tea and consuming their own smoke with every window hermetically sealed. It is generally necessary to travel with the windows closed, partly owing to the abominable stench which arises from the cultivated fields, and partly to exclude the nasty odour and cloud of smuts caused by the villainous country coal burnt on the railways.

The cormorant fishing season at Gifu had not yet begun, so we did not stop at this small place. In a couple of hours we reached Nagoya and found comfortable accommodation at the exquisitely clean and newly built Nagoya Hotel. It was full of visitors, and the enterprising landlord, a native of the country, thoroughly deserves the patronage he so conscientiously caters for.

Next door, and under the same management, the visitor may try the experiment of living in Japanese fashion, and can afterwards satisfy the pangs of hunger by dining at the excellent table d'hôte, in the main building.

Nagoya is a large and very flourishing garrison town divided by a broad boulevard, along which there is an electric tramway. To suit the requirements of the increasing population of Nagoya, a suburb has recently sprung up which is occupied largely by tea-houses, booths and pleasure gardens. In this neighbourhood the soldiers and business men come for their relaxation at the close of the day, and we saw enough to convince us that the Temperance movement had not many converts here. A tipsy Jap in semi-European garb, reclining in a rickshaw, waving a half empty flask of Saké in one hand and a dilapidated bowler hat in the other is not an edifying spectacle. The effects of Saké are soon over, and a hot bath is recommended as an efficient cure for the bad head produced by a too free consumption of the country liquor.

The old familiar sight of a soldier being helped back to barracks supported on either flank by a comrade, may be accepted as another sign of the higher state of civilization to which these people are attaining.

Though we were unable to visit the interior of the Castle, through some mistake about our permits, which had not arrived from Tokio, we spent a considerable time watching with interest a large number of the Japanese Army at drill.

The parade ground is a very extensive one and is situated on the ground outside the castle moat. Here recruits of all arms were being taught the goose-step, or given their first lesson in riding. Beyond, on an open plain, bodies of Cavalry were doing the attack formation at "an amble."

The horses, or rather ponies, are a rough, shaggy, "bull-necked" lot, about thirteen-three, and appear admirably suited for carrying the undersized little Japanese soldier. No attempt is made at smartening up the horses or cleaning the saddlery and gear. The blanket is placed under the saddle and is folded without any regard to uniformity, and the want of soap brick dust and cleaning materials generally are very noticeable. The Cavalry trooper himself is well dressed; his crimson breeches and dark blue jacket, with yellow braiding, give him a distinctly smart appearance, but he is seen at his best on foot. The short legs and round thighs of the Jap ill adapt him for horsemanship, and the bad mouths and the awkward

paces detract considerably from the value and appearance of their chargers.

We also saw a Battery which appeared under-horsed ; the rough little ponies were quite unable to move, with any speed, the heavy piece of brass ordnance they had to draw ; but a new gun is being introduced into the army containing all the modern improvements and much lighter in draught than the present one.

The gunners are clad in a dark-blue uniform with yellow piping, and the dress, like that of the rest of the rank and file of the army, has been copied from the Germans. The officers, on the other hand, are dressed in French fashion. This may be attributed to the fact that the Japanese first obtained their military instruction from the French, but after the Franco-Prussian War, they turned to the Germans for instructors and dressed their men in imitation of their teachers.

The companies of an Infantry battalion were practising the attack—the officers, keen and active, were busy all the time ; each Captain drilling his company, of which each section was handled by a subaltern officer. The men were a sturdy well-set-up lot, of stouter build than the average man one sees in the street, and they appeared to be proud of themselves and of their uniform.

The Infantry is probably the best branch of the army. The Cavalry are merely a kind of Mounted Infantry hampered by Cavalry uniform and accoutrements, whilst their Field

Artillery is quite unsuited for fast work over rough ground.

Parallel with the parade ground are the rifle ranges, where the recruits are taught to shoot down long narrow galleries or trenches. This enables a large number of men to be exercised at the same time, and in this manner five squads of men were able to fire at five sets of targets without any fear of hitting one another ; the extreme length of these galleries is four hundred yards, and they are chiefly used for the recruits' course of musketry. The trained soldiers are principally exercised in field practices, and but little interest is paid to the individual performance of the men, so long as fire discipline is maintained.

The education of a Japanese bugler is a work of some difficulty. The squad is formed up in single rank, and the teacher sounds the necessary tune on his instrument. He then sings it thus :

ta ta té, ta ta ti.

Every beginner in turn sings the refrain to the best of his ability, and finally the whole squad have a try at a general chorus. Should the result be satisfactory, the bugle is then mouthed and an attempt made to reproduce the sound. Frequently, in different parts of Japan, we came upon these squads, practising near a barrack or behind a temple, their solfège, which had always the same melody of

ta ta té, ta ta ti.

In the Japanese Army there is much elabora-

tion over the military salute, and this they have, no doubt, learnt from their German instructors. If four or five officers, walking together, pass a sentry who presents arms, each individual officer acknowledges the salute. A private soldier, out for an evening stroll, has to be constantly on the alert, to salute every superior he may meet, for even non-commissioned officers are saluted by their inferiors in rank. All this tends to foster the military spirit which is becoming very strong in the country. The Japanese are excessively proud of their army and of the fact that it has an unbeaten record ; no efforts or expense are spared to maintain it at a very high standard.

It is curious to watch an exchange of salutes between two Japanese officers, for, not unfrequently, after the military formality has been complied with in strict German fashion, they will tuck their forage caps under their arms and, placing their hands on their knees, proceed to satisfy the exigencies of friendship and politeness by breaking their spinal columns in a succession of Japanese bows.

The middle and lower classes have not taken kindly to the European innovations. You may clothe them in Western garb and imbue them outwardly with Western notions, but at heart they remain true to their old customs and principles. Their European habits are put on for the business of the day with the black coat and round hat. The day's work over, the little Jap, as soon as he is back in his own paper-house,

dons his kimono and drops the innovations he is no longer obliged to comply with.

The boys of Nagoya have invented an ingenious kind of bicycle on which they take a good deal of exercise, up and down the streets. It is a rudimentary machine, much after the pattern of the old bone shaker, constructed with a discarded wheel of a rickshaw, and on this they "scorch" bare-legged and breathless, diving between trams and rickshaws with evident satisfaction, at any rate, to themselves.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### A RAILWAY JOURNEY—YOKOHAMA.

ON the 17th April we travelled by the mid-day train up to Yokohama. For some time we could not obtain admittance to the one first-class carriage attached to the train. We were told the carriage was almost full, and the few remaining seats were required for the Minister of War and his Staff who had been inspecting at Nagoya. No special carriage could be attached for these dignitaries, who were travelling with ordinary first-class tickets, and for whose convenience we were to wait, in torrents of rain, on the railway platform. The booking clerks refused to issue tickets, and some six of us from the hotel, who had through tickets to Yokohama, found the door of the carriage barred by a bumptious little official.

It seemed only right that, if His Excellency could not afford to reserve special accommodation, he should take his chance with us on the principle of first come, first served, and the bodily pressure of the phalanx of six promptly removed the obstruction. It was not until we were seated that the cortège arrived. The Minister of War and his Secretary and Aide-de-camp were attended at the station by the General Officer Commanding the Nagoya Dis-

trict and his Staff and the heads of departments. In time we were all seated, and the twenty-four passengers shook themselves down for a ten hours' journey.

A pelting rain and a dense mist outside, and clouds of tobacco smoke inside, were not conducive to comfort. It was out of the question to admire the beauties of the scenery through which we were supposed to be travelling. Fujiyama might not have existed any more than the little bays and islands along the sea-shore. A pitiless rain blotted out the landscape and poured in at the windows, when any attempt was made to obtain ventilation, but oxygen did not seem to be required. A Yankee Poker party from Kioto held the carriage, and their conversation was of Jack Pots and dollars, whilst the air was redolent of smoke emitted from choicest Manillas. Refreshments, too, enlivened the intervals of play, and tall talk waxed taller, as the American Eagle flapped his wings and screeched. One youth, even more arrogant than the others, who was travelling with "Poppa and Momma," got himself bowled out very neatly where he least expected a rebuff. After a copious lunch he had metaphorically unfurled the star spangled banner and with a friend as an accomplice, proceeded to sing the praises of the "Almighty Dollar" and of the wonders of the States. In "Amurrica" the houses were higher and land was more valuable, and the men were richer and smarter than anywhere else, so boasted our

friend. As no one was prepared to take up the challenge, with questionable courtesy he turned on one of the Japanese gentlemen and abused everything Japanese. The express mail train, in which we were speeding to Yokohama at an average rate of fourteen miles an hour, gave him every opportunity of descanting on the superiority of the "Kyars" in the States. Why "Siirr," he said to the wondering little uniformed Jap, in our "Kyars," you can write and post a letter, get your hair cut, send a telephone message or cable, in fact, "Siirr," there is nothing you cannot do on an "Amurrican" train. The Japanese officer, at whose head all this was being hurled, looked up and said in his quaintly accented English: Do you have the billiard tables on your trains? The Yankee sank back in his seat amidst a general titter, and the company concluded that Japan was justified in her children and had shown herself worthy of taking her place among the great nations of the world.

The worst enemy to Japan, next to the Japanese himself, is the ubiquitous American tourist. Not be it understood the American gentlefolk one occasionally meets, whom no one can exceed in courtesy or gentleness, but the blatant and bragging Yankee trotter who is the terror of those with whom he may have the misfortune to be thrown and who rushes round Japan reeking of dollars and deriving no information beyond the rival merits of the bar of the "Grand" in one place, and the billiard-room of the "Oriental" at another.

The country has for some years been swamped by these gentry who look upon it as their happy hunting ground. They are never satisfied, unless they can say they have paid the highest price for anything. They have sent up the prices of hotels and curio shops, and are the gulls of the guides and shop-keepers before whom they flaunt their dollars.

Recovering after a while from his temporary collapse, our friend cut into the poker party once more and a fresh box of Manillas was opened. Americans in the East smoke Manillas steadily. A Manilla cigar is a useful topic of conversation, and often paves the way to a little blast of the national trump at the expense of that unfortunate place. Still not quite certain of his footing in that precarious quarter, the Yankee is perhaps a little more moderate on the subject of the Philippines, where all is not yet plain sailing: for Brother Jonathan finds the nut is a harder one to crack than he anticipated, when he first set about guessing at the flavour of the kernel. As the Captain of the Canton steamer rather forcibly quoted: "He has bitten off a larger bit than he can swallow."

At most of the stations hawkers offer beer, tea and food for sale, and do a large business with the occupants of the crowded carriages. The tea, already made in a little earthenware pot, to which a cup is attached, can be purchased for five cents, and when, as it occasionally happens, this beverage is made with *almost* boiling water, it is very refreshing and is a use-

ful addition to the meal the traveller has brought with him. The light Japanese beer is also a pleasant drink with the packet of sandwiches provided for you by the hotel you have started from. It is light, and not unlike German Laager beer, and is made in several towns in Japan, each brewery extensively advertising the superiority of its own brew. The food offered for sale is not palatable generally to European taste, though a sweetmeat made of bean paste and sugar is innocent enough, and has the flavour of an indifferent blanc mange.

Our weary journey drew to an end ; darkness had set in at six o'clock and, as only one miserable oil lamp was vouchsafed to the long saloon carriage, reading was out of the question. The Yankce nuisance had been suppressed, and at the stations there was nothing to tempt one to get out and walk in the wet on the uncovered platforms. At ten o'clock at night, we had to change at the very small unsheltered station of Hadogoya, cross a bridge and dash through a regular downpour across to the platform, where the train for Yokohama was waiting for us. Here the passengers, now reduced to twenty, the other four being bound for Tokio, found such accommodation as they could, amidst dressing cases, Gladstone bags and wet wraps, in a small carriage built to carry perhaps ten first-class passengers. This was put up with, as the journey was only to last five minutes longer, and we eventually reached Yokohama, where we forgot the damp and discomfort of the journey

before a good fire and a good supper at the comfortable Club Hotel.

Yokohama itself, from the sightseers' point of view, is not very interesting. It possesses many excellent hotels admirably situated on the "Bund" or sea-face and numerous curio shops, where the traveller can purchase samples of all the pretty and interesting things he has seen in his travels. Messrs. Kühn and Komer, as well as many of the other European establishments, possess a large assortment of the tempting embroideries, lacquer work, silver-ware *et hoc genus omne*, which they will pack and despatch for the purchaser at an almost nominal cost. They have no dealings with guides, and, as they refuse to pay any commission to these gentry, they are able to sell their goods cheaper than the native dealers.

The British Naval Hospital, situated on the Bluff, where most of the European residents dwell, is an admirable institution. The garden which surrounds the various wards is alone well worth a visit, and it is the boast of the Superintendent that he is able to have a continuous succession of flowers in bloom at all seasons. The clusters of wisteria, the camelia trees, the azaleas and peonies make as fine a show as one could wish to see. Also situated on the Bluff are the Nursery Gardens, which should certainly be seen. Here every kind of dwarf tree is carefully cultivated, and tiny maples, some fifty years old, stand side by side with equally ancient and diminutive pine trees.

These gardens have a show of flowers which for richness and variety of colour, can probably not be equalled elsewhere in Japan. Horticulture in this country is a curious art; the fruit trees are laden with blossom, but bear a fruit which is not worth eating, and which no amount of grafting ever improves; neither do roses ever repay the trouble which is expended on their cultivation; but the Japanese have such a variety of other beautiful flowers that they can afford to record a few failures.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### YOKOHAMA—KANAZAWA—YOKOSUKA— ENOSHIMA.

YOKOHAMA is an excellent centre from which to visit the pretty places along the coast in the neighbourhood, and several pleasant excursions can be made between breakfast and dinner, either by railway, or by rickshaw along the villainous roads which appear to be as badly kept in the vicinity of this treaty port as they are elsewhere in Japan.

The palm may be safely awarded to the track which leads through rice-fields and over small hills to Kanazawa. For any one who likes a good walk, and who has not to depend on a rickshaw, this is a charming trip, the lovely view of the "plains of heaven" which can be obtained on a fine morning from Nokendo is one of the prettiest even in this country of pretty views, and we were in time, too, to see the peonies in full bloom. They are grown in a private garden some little way off the main road, and the owner is always proud to show them to any visitor who calls at his house.

Carefully protected from wind and sun, they have been growing and flowering in this little garden for some three hundred years. These plants attain a great age and rarely make much



show of blossom under fifty years. The Japanese say that the lion is the king of beasts and the peony is the queen of flowers, and it would be difficult to find a finer specimen of the individual flower, or a more glorious mass of brilliant colours, than can be seen in this small sandy garden at Kanawaza.

At this village we embarked in a small sampan and were rowed across the Susquehana Bay, bound for Yokosuka, the great naval depôt of Japan. Passing between wooded little islands from one little land-locked bay to another, after a couple of hours, we entered a narrow channel which has been cut through an island to enable torpedo boats to pass from their own special dockyard into the principal harbour. From the outside, where a grim looking battleship was keeping guard, nothing could be seen of the important naval station in the middle of which we suddenly found ourselves. Seven of Japan's newest battleships lay at anchor alongside Her Majesty's Ship *Victorious* which had that morning arrived to be docked. Along the quays and in the many docks were cruisers and gunboats, torpedo catchers and destroyers, and many other recently constructed warships, and it was not difficult amidst these surroundings to realise the importance which is now attached to the Japanese Navy, either as a friend or as a foe.

We were landed from our sampan on the wrong side of a hill, which we found separated us from the railway station and which was no

doubt a cunning plot of the boatman to bring grist to the mill for his friends who owned the two rickshaws we found waiting for us on shore. We were deaf to their blandishments and refused to be dragged by the circuitous road over the mountain side, and in spite of their voluble protests, we started to walk along the railway through a tunnel to the station. After narrowly escaping being destroyed by a goods train in the narrow single gauge tunnel, we debouched in the centre of the naval life of Yokosuka. On the one side sentries barred our approach to the Naval College where the classes were at work, on the other, railway officials heaped contumely on us for trespassing on the line, whilst all around were notices forbidding any one to pass over ground the private property of the War Department. Fortunately an exceptionally pleasant little porter, who was busy loading a waggon, showed us a footpath between some sheds, along which we retreated, and after diving under some barbed wire, we emerged on to the high road whence we were able to enter the railway station with befitting dignity and composure.

We had half an hour to wait for the train, and we at once became an object of interest to the local population. A few soldiers and sailors, peasants and citizens, in fact all those who, like ourselves, were waiting for the train, formed a ring round us and stared, smoked and expectorated with true Japanese politeness.

To sit with your back to the wall behind

an open umbrella is perhaps the best means of disconcerting these disagreeable people, who will break their backs in polite contortions if they have any object to gain by so doing, but who will otherwise stand and stare at your face and expectorate at your feet with the same composure. For rudeness and general insolence, the ordinary Japanese of the lower middle class is hard to beat. In a railway carriage, he will, with proper Japanese good feeling, remove his European shoes and lie sprawling along the cushions, regardless of the fact that you may have to stand for want of accommodation. The English language is very generally taught in the schools, and most of the European-clad men of business know a smattering of the "Commercial language of the East." Should a man of this class be asked a question which he may or may not understand, common courtesy would suggest his stating the fact politely in his own language between a series of courteous bows, for this is what one has been led to expect, but it is not what happens. Though he generally does understand the question, all the answer he will vouchsafe will be an insolent stare followed by a vacant and noisy laugh in which his fellow-travellers join at your expense.

This is not a solitary case, but one of many now constantly experienced by all travellers who are touring in Japan. In the course of the five weeks we spent in the country we met a large number of the "hated foreigners" of

different countries who, like ourselves, had been attracted to Japan by the accounts we had read of its beauties and of the charms of its people. Though their opinions frequently varied as to the first point, there was always an absolutely unanimous verdict against the second. This is generally attributed to the effects of the late war, whose successful conclusion has given the Japanese an overwhelming idea of their importance with a corresponding contempt for other nations.

From Yokohama another pleasant trip is to the island of Enoshima. We went first by train to Kamakura where is undoubtedly the finest of the many "Daibutsu" in the country, and few specimens of man's handiwork in Japan impressed us more than this great image. Exposed to the elements, and heedless of earthquakes and typhoons, this Buddha has watched some four centuries roll by since he was first placed in these sacred precincts in the days when Kamakura was the chief town of Japan and the head-quarters of its art and civilization.

We were taken in our rickshaws along a wretched road past the temple of Kwannon, to a small village on the sea-shore whence we had to walk across a quarter of a mile of sand to the loose plank bridge which connects Enoshima with the mainland at high tide. A long climb over the top of the island, past tea-houses, shrines, temples and booths, brought us to the entrance of the cave into which true lovers should never penetrate together. We spent a couple of hours

in clambering about the sacred island before we recrossed the bridge for which we had to pay toll—a contribution which evidently cannot be spent on the up-keep of the ricketty structure. Thence half an hour's jolting in rickshaws took us painfully but rapidly to Fujisawa Station, where we caught the train which carried us back to Yokohama in time for dinner.

After these rides in rickshaws it was a positive pleasure to be taken in a decently appointed carriage round the pretty Mississippi Bay, and past the race-course and public gardens on the Bluff. There is not much opportunity for riding or driving in Yokohama, and the rickshaw men always use all the interest they can to prevent good roads being built, rightly fearing that no one would use their villainous means of locomotion, once accustomed to a more comfortable conveyance.

A strong effort was made by many of the citizens of Tokio to popularize the use of carriages in the town and with this end in view it was proposed to widen and relay some of the streets. The rickshaw men, however, had already found that their trade suffered from the tramways and they opposed any attempt at interference with their privileges, and were strong enough to retain the monopoly of the traffic at any rate in the native parts of the crowded city.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

TOKIO—THE SHIBA AND UENO PARKS—THE ASAKUSA TEMPLE—THE YOSHIWARA—THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN.

OUR next move was to Tokio where we were landed at the Shimbashi Station after a fifty minutes' run along the coast. Tokio boasts of two hotels—the Imperial and the Métropole. The former is a cold palatial looking edifice run by a Japanese syndicate chiefly interested in letting out their banqueting hall for official dinner parties. The company is also said to receive a subsidy from the Government, in return for which they accommodate any official guests whom it may be necessary to entertain at Tokio. It is the local "Claridge," and is largely patronized by Americans to whom the high charges are attractive. The Métropole, though less centrally situated, we found to be extremely comfortable, and the table reflected the greatest credit on the French *chef*. This hotel is under European management, and the charge of five dollars a day per head is moderate enough.

As a rickshaw can be engaged for the whole day for one dollar, and as the distances to all the principal sights are very great, it is not a matter of much importance if your headquarters are fixed a little further off in the European

settlement of Tsukiji. Several days can be spent with interest in this capital, teeming with Japanese life and colour. The old curio shops, hidden away in the small streets, will fill up a morning ; the Ueno and Shiba Parks, with their glorious cedar trees under whose shade are laid to rest the remains of many of the valiant Shoguns, will each demand the best part of a day, nor should a visit be omitted to the less pretentious park of Asakusa, the popular resort of this pleasure-loving people.

The tombs of the Shoguns in the Shiba Park, and the temples dedicated to their memory, are splendid specimens of Japanese art, and most people would consider it well worth while to visit the gilded halls of the principal oratory. Not so, however, our American tourist who, after travelling several thousand miles to Japan, refused to remove his elastic side shoes and preferred to remain outside of what is certainly one of the gems of the country.

Then when tired of temples and tombs, it is equally pleasant to idle away an hour or two in these parks. At Shiba in the shade of the cedars an infant school was at play, under the care of an usher and a monitress. Little boys and small girls from five to six years of age were being amused. A girls' race was organized, a dozen little toddlekins were ranged in a row, each brightly dressed in flowered kimono and many coloured sash. To each competitor a label was given, and when skirts were tucked up, and other preparations completed, a gong

was sounded. This was the starter's signal and the bright little butterflies skurried to some flags a hundred yards off where, for a moment, they were all busy affixing their labels; then the race home began, and the breathless little winner was received with cheers and rewarded with a small toy as a prize. Sunday appears to be an extra and special holiday of the Jap. He has so many already provided for him in his calendar, and apparently so little hesitation in taking another when the fancy seizes him, that it is not easy to understand why Sunday should have been adopted as well. It is, however, a great day for the people in Tokio, the parks are full, the streets crowded with rickshaws trundling their daintily dressed fares, perhaps off to Ueno where the afternoon is spent at a tea-house beneath the cherry trees.

At the Ueno Park we came across an exhibition of azaleas which was being held in a large bamboo enclosure. The pots of azaleas were arranged in three tiers under an awning. In the centre of the enclosure a raised dais had been erected for the Empress, who had visited the show on the previous day and from this eminence she had obtained a bird's-eye view of the flowers without having to walk about. Each plant had been carefully cut back and tended for many years, some being as much as fifty years old, and had been forced to grow in such a way that the stem resembled the handle of a bouquet surmounted by blooms of pink, red or white azaleas. The top of the bouquet varied in



diameter from twelve inches to two feet, and was a perfect mass of bloom unrelieved by any green leaves. Suspended on a peg at every corner of the building was the following notice in English :—

“Not to sell”;

“Do not touch on the flowers”;

and an official was there to see you did not.

On some of these dwarf shrubs, several different varieties of azaleas had been grafted, but the larger number of exhibits were of one colour only, though that colour varied in shade from the deepest crimson to the palest pink. The Japanese grow their flowers apart, they do not form part of the ornamental gardens in which good form and custom demand great severity and regularity of style ; rockeries, a small pond, a grass bank and dwarf maples and pine trees, but no flowers. A few shrubs are permitted and, of course, the cherry tree has its appointed spot ; but peonies, azaleas, chrysanthemum and wisteria, are not cultivated in the landscape gardens, though they are carefully tended in a less obtrusive spot.

Next to the Ueno Park the most popular place of resort is the temple which stands in the Asakusa Park. In the building a never-ending crowd is seen seeking for relief from various ailments or buying charms and slips of paper on which they hope to find fortune inscribed. In the extensive grounds are booths and tea-houses, a pond with voracious gold fish, various shrines, and a combined “zoo,”

monkey house and flower show. A small street hard by, is entirely taken up with theatres, and in front of each rival house a band plays to attract the crowd, whilst every now and then a curtain is raised in order that the passers-by in the street may envy the good time the spectators are having within. Jugglers are standing on one another's heads, swinging from this uncomfortable position a small boy by the arm, whilst next door a stage villain is performing "hari kari." Lower down the road, the noise of a big drum and trumpet announces that the next performance of the circus is just about to begin. Admission to the best seats only cost twenty sen, though we found the performance quite good enough to warrant a higher charge.

Near the Asakusa Park a brick tower, twelve stories high, has been built, and from the top a fine view can be had of Tokio and its suburbs. This tower which is known as the local "Eifel" is in itself a hideous monstrosity. At each floor there are small shops where photographs and cheap prints are sold, or tea may be obtained, and at almost every floor there is a musical box which plays popular tunes to cheer the traveller, no doubt, on his upward path.

The attendant at the top offers the visitor a telescope, and then charges a small sum for the loan. This financial transaction adjusted, he proceeds to point out the various objects of interest beneath, and with pride he indicates

the roofs of the Yoshiwara within a quarter of a mile of the tower.

The Yoshiwara is the Japanese solution of a social problem and is the name of a certain quarter of Tokio, surrounded by canals forming an island devoted to the cult of Venus. Some three thousand girls, whose beauty and fame are constantly sung by Japanese poets, are here on show. Gorgeously arrayed, literally in scarlet and gold, their heads tired with tinsel and ribbons, they sit behind the bars of their gilded cages in a setting of magnificent but uninviting splendour; crowds promenade the streets, stare in at the windows or talk through the bars with any friend or relation they may recognise inside. A visit to the Yoshiwara should be made at night. From the hotel it is an hour's run in a rickshaw through streets full of life, and lit with the light of many paper lanterns, past quaint little houses from behind whose paper walls issues the tinkling sound of a samisen, round brightly-lit street corners, where groups of children (who should have been in bed) are playing fox and geese. At this late hour, Tokio is still wide-awake, none of the shops are closed, and business and pleasure go hand-in-hand. For this six-mile run two men are required for each rickshaw. They cover the ground at a rapid pace, never stopping to draw breath until they arrive at the bridge over the canal where the rickshaws are parked by a civil policeman.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to the many attractions of Tokio in the short time we

had at our disposal, yet many visitors consider that they have done the capital thoroughly in a flying visit between breakfast and dinner from Yokohama.

Though we were obliged to leave a good deal unseen, we did not fail to deposit our cards on the tombs of the forty-seven Ronin. These heroes of Japanese history are buried at Sengakuji, and to this day the people show their admiration of their conduct by leaving their visiting cards on the tombs. The story of the life and death of the forty-seven Ronin has been frequently described, and though their last resting place has no architectural merit, it is interesting to observe the careful manner in which each tomb is tended by the people who still honour the memory of these faithful filibusterers.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE KABUKIZA THEATRE — DANJURO — THE MAPLE CLUB—A JAPANESE DINNER AND DANCE.

JAPAN'S greatest actor, Danjuro, was acting for a few days only at the Kabukiza Theatre. This was an opportunity not to be missed, and we immediately booked our seats for one of the representations.

At the Kabukiza, as at all the other theatres, the performances begin in the early morning; but Danjuro, owing to his great age, was announced to appear twice during the day for an hour at eleven in the morning, and again for an hour at two in the afternoon.

Danjuro is now sixty-seven years old, and has attained a reputation and popularity never equalled in his country. In the short space of an hour he will appear in as many as three different characters, and his masterpiece is generally considered to be his impersonation of the part of a young girl in her teens. The play was one of the usual historical tragedies, in which Shoguns and Daimyos are the principal characters. The manager of the theatre supplied the foreign visitors with a small pamphlet in English, entitled a "Synopsis of the Old World Play," and with this help, it was easy to follow the motive throughout, though no doubt

we missed the points of the jokes which frequently convulsed the house.

We reached the theatre at two o'clock, and after picking our way through the heaps of slippers and clogs, which had been left at the entrance by the audience, were shown in to the box which we had reserved. The house was crammed, and the audience seemed to be composed about equally of members of both the sexes. The men in Japan as a rule vote the theatre slow, and whilst they send the ladies to the play, go themselves to the tea-houses ; but Danjuro's talent appeals to all alike.

The curtain had just been drawn aside and a new act had begun. Danjuro, in the character of the proud usurper, was seated on his throne surrounded by courtiers, who were loading him with fulsome flattery, when Kiriguro, another famous comedian, approached in disguise as a messenger from the King's rival. This actor wore a pair of inordinately long cotton trousers, and the surplus material trailed behind him in a very comical manner, as he strutted about the stage.

A little later Danjuro appeared as the humble young maiden of sixteen, deeply in love with a royal prince. She was betrayed into avowing this passion to the old court dames, who flaunted and chaffed her, until she became frantic with rage at their jeers and ill-treatment. This was perhaps the finest piece of acting we saw ; every situation was most admirably portrayed as the climax gradually approached. At last,

maddened by their gibes, she dashed blindly into the palace to seek her lover. On the threshold she was met by Kiriguro in search of a victim. He had to kill a jealous woman in order to work a spell, and the girl's life was sacrificed on the steps of the palace. The audience were intensely moved, many of the spectators were weeping in sympathy with the actor ; the silence at critical moments was almost oppressive, whilst every now and then a burst of applause re-echoed loudly through the house.

The acting, the dresses, and "make-up," generally, of the actors, were extremely good, and the interest was fully maintained all the time. This theatre has the celebrated roller stage, a contrivance by means of which, when a scene has to be changed, the whole stage can be swung round on a pivot and the new scene comes to the front ready set from the back of the house.

Several little incidents, which occurred during the performance, were distinctly quaint. Kiriguro was offered a bowl of saké, but he, suspecting mischief, emptied it over some flowers which were growing stiffly in a row in front of the palace verandah. A string was pulled from the wings and the flowers collapsed, killed by the virulent poison contained in the liquor. The stage servants constantly came and went ; they brought on or removed accessories, and adjusted the armour and even the garments of the actors, and generally rendered every assistance within their power towards the success of the piece.

These supernumeraries wore a long dark blue cloak and a black mask to indicate that they must be considered invisible. The death-blow of the great Danjuro was rather clumsily given, and was not in keeping with the rest of the performance. The sword-cut was dealt carefully under the girl's arm, which she had prudently raised beforehand and the blade was then securely adjusted by the victim before she thought of falling to the ground. The murderer with equal care withdrew the weapon and replaced it in its scabbard, whilst he stuck into the clothes of the corpse, the smaller knife which custom demands should be left to indicate the rank and position of the murderer,—for on it is the crest and monogram of the owner. The greatest attention is paid to detail and to the carrying out of all the scenes according to true historical notions. The play tells of Shoguns, Daimyos and Samurais, and cannot fail to be interesting, even to a foreign visitor ignorant of the language. The quaint theatre, and curious customs of the audience, the stately gestures of the actors, and the sonorous language of classical Japan relating deeds of valour and love of mediæval days, afford quite a distinct insight into Japanese life, as it flourished, until Commander Perry knocked at the gate of the Inland Sea in the middle of this century. We could not help feeling sorry for the American lady, who confessed herself weary of sight-seeing, and was doing Japan between the arrival of one and the departure of another mail steamer. She



summed up the performance by saying: "I guess its pretty tame after a New York Theatre."

At the Maple Club we made our first and only attempt at tackling a Japanese dinner. We went there with some friends who had ordered the dinner and the dancing beforehand. The Maple Club is a very superior tea-house and is much patronized by the well-to-do class of Japanese. It is probably the best one of the kind in the country and, during the dinner, the best Japanese dancing can be enjoyed. On first entering the Club-house, after our shoes had been removed, the pretty little waitresses invited us to an inner-room, where the welcoming cup of tea was served. Dinner was then announced, and the way led to an upper chamber perfectly bare of furniture, except for the cushions placed on the matted floor at one end of the room. The moveable screens, which did duty for walls, were elaborately decorated with designs of maple leaves. As soon as the guests were seated, five serving-maids toddled in. They all carried trays containing sweet-meats, which were offered with deep salutations by each girl, as she knelt before the particular one of the party it was her duty to look after. These were only the *hors d'œuvres* they had brought, and we were left to enjoy them, whilst the rest of the dinner was being prepared. The procession presently returned, and this time each waitress carried a small lacquer table on which the dinner of the guests was placed. On one side were the chopsticks, neatly wrapped

up in the paper napkin, and on the other stood a lacquer bowl containing a lukewarm soup, in which marine monsters floated amidst pieces of fowl and green-stuff. The strong flavour of lacquer, which predominated in this soup, was more peculiar than pleasant. Our troubles, however, were to come, for, after taking a cup of saké, we had to tackle the more solid food with our chopsticks. The viands were laid out in small saucers, and consisted of various delicacies, such as lotus and ginger-roots, and raw fish. On a separate plate was a white slab, which, we were told, was an omelette, but which resembled a cake of soap. To each of us was also offered a single prawn of gigantic dimensions, sweet bean paste and several brown lumps of "what-nots," which we had not the courage to explore. We had taken the precaution to dine comfortably at the hotel first, and we only toyed with this food and drank the nauseating warm saké to keep up appearances. Our real object in visiting the Maple Club was to witness the higher class of Japanese dancing, which is only supplied as an extra to a previously ordered dinner. The Maple Club is essentially an eating house, and the dancing is merely an incident of the evening.

We saw three dances; the first, which came on with the saké, is known as the "Maple" Dance. As soon as the orchestra had started some plaintive music on flute, samisen and biwa, seven dancing girls came tripping in, one behind the other, dressed in black kimonos

embroidered with maple leaves and each waving a fan decorated with the same emblems. The dance began, and the fans were fluttered to represent the fall of the leaf in the autumn, whilst the graceful little dancers swayed to and fro, turned slowly to one side or the other, and poised the foot in the manner peculiar to Japanese dancing. When their performance was finished, they bowed themselves out of the room, and we resumed our efforts to master the art of eating with chopsticks.

After an interval, three other dancers entered and performed the "Spider Web Dance." It is the story of two lovers and a lady. The jealous lover, dressed as an old-time Daimyo, was bent on killing his rival, but was foiled at each attempt by the lady who, every time the villain drew his sword, threw over her favourite a flimsy spider web, which was supposed to render him invisible. This little ballet was extremely pretty and was danced by the graceful trio to an accompaniment of Japanese music. The idea of the spider web was extremely well carried out, and it was deftly thrown from underneath the folds of the girl's kimono. Our evening's amusement was not yet ended, for a third dance, called the "Nunobiki," presently began. This was the most difficult to accomplish and was perhaps the prettiest of the three. It is so named after the waterfall at Kobé, which it is intended to represent, and was danced only by the three best dancers, who must have found it very hard work. Each girl

held a roll of soft misty white muslin, and as the dance went on, the folds were shaken out to imitate the curves and leaps of a waterfall. At home elaborate preparations and accessories are required for serpentine dances, whilst here we had three little Japanese maidens, dancing on an ordinary matted floor to the dreariest of accompaniments, yet holding their audience enthralled by their graceful gyrations, as they flung the long white strips over and around them with amazing rapidity. It was late in the evening before we left the Maple Club, where we had spent two hours and a half in a very delightful manner.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### NIKHO—CHIUZENZI.

IN Murray's Guide Book it is written that Nikho can be reached from Tokio in five hours. This admirable work is scarcely ever wrong, but it is possible that the 1899 edition may have been published before the so-called acceleration of the railway service had taken place. It took us, by the quickest train, six hours and a half from station to station, and to this must be added the long drive of forty-five minutes from the hotel to the Ueno Terminus, which is situated at the northern extremity of Tokio.

The Japanese have not made much progress in the matter of railways, and their express trains would scarcely do credit even to a local line in Ireland.

In travelling by a slow train, however, you have more leisure to see the country, and the long waits at small wayside stations afford endless opportunities of studying the manners of the country people, as they come "clippety clop" in their pattens along the wretched little platforms.

At the Utsonomiya Junction we left the main line and continued our journey in the little local train which runs to and from Nikho. We travelled through a picturesque country all

ablaze, at this season, with azaleas, and the bright colours of these great flowering shrubs were a distinct feature of the landscape. As we crossed and recrossed the high road, we had frequent opportunities of admiring the stately avenue of giant cryptomerias which leads up to the sacred city. These trees are many hundred years old and are probably the finest in Japan.

As the train slowly approached Nikho, laboriously ascending the steep gradients, the snow-capped peaks in the distance came into view, whilst here and there a rushing torrent or waterfall added to the beauty of the scene, and almost caused us to forget and forgive the utter discomfort of a Japanese railway.

Nikho, on our arrival, was having a spell of unusually fine weather, and the bright blue sky harmonized well with the beauties of nature.

We had seen so many pictures and we had read so much of the sacred red bridge that we went at once to see it. As it spans the torrent immediately below the Kanaya Hotel, we had not far to go. So insignificant did this famous bridge at first sight appear, that we might have passed it many times without notice, had not its praises been sung so often. Sooth to say, it is a very ordinary piece of work, though the artistic constructor has no doubt painted it in the exact shade of red, which best suits the surrounding landscape. No one now goes over the bridge, for even Royalty has ceased to patronize it, and we had to confess we could

see nothing remarkable in this piece of work. As the American said : " Why, give me ' Brooklyn ' any day."

If we found the bridge a fraud, we were fully compensated by the many other beauties hidden up among the hills of " Nikho the Magnificent."

It is difficult perhaps to realise anything more gorgeously beautiful than are the temples, shrines and oratories which surround the tomb of Ieyasu, the second and greatest of the Shoguns. The elaborate carving and the rich and artistic decoration of the former are in marked contrast with the solemn simplicity of the latter. The sacophagus stands alone at the top of a long flight of stone steps, in the shade of giant trees, and in no place has the idea of absolute peace and perfect repose been more happily attained than here.

Nikho is full of delightful places wherein to spend a happy day. There are waterfalls at every turn, and walks suited to the capabilities of all, whilst a lazy morning's lounge in the gardens or under the shady trees on one of the hill-sides is not to be despised. It is the paradise of artists and of the amateur photographer, though the latter is frequently disturbed by the police, who generally hunt the man with the camera. In many parts of Japan, notices are now hung up forbidding anyone to take photographs or to make sketches.

From Nikho to Chiuzenji and back is a good walk and a charming excursion ; but it cannot

be pleasant to have to undergo the trip in a rickshaw or sedan chair.

For the first three and a half miles we followed the road to the Ashio copper mines, along the banks of the torrent which flows through Nikho. So far it was easy going, but here the main road was left and the ascent began. It was a stiff climb of an hour and a half to the summit of the plateau, in the middle of which lies Chiuzenzi Lake ; but the walk up the valley, amidst torrents and waterfalls, is a beautiful one. The hill-sides were bright with azaleas just in bloom, the higher peaks had not yet lost their covering of snow, and chief among them towered the giant Nantaizan, whose well-wooded shores are bathed on the Western side by the blue waters of the lake.

It was too early in the season to see Chiuzenzi at its best, as the place was still in its winter garb, and we observed a great change in the temperature, as soon as we reached the plateau on which Chiuzenzi Lake is situated. The natural effort its waters have made to escape to a lower level have produced the waterfall of Kegon-no-taki, which should be seen before turning into the Lake Hotel for luncheon.

We were perhaps unlucky in having to visit this summer resort so early in the spring. At this altitude none of the trees were in leaf, and the azaleas, which we had left in full bloom a thousand feet below, were still in bud at Chiuzenzi. Snow was still lying low down on the hills and had not yet been cleared off the



Yumoto road, and this little bathing-place had not been opened for the season.

We left Nikho for Yokohama on the 30th of April. Some friends who had travelled up a few days before warned us of the trying time we should have on the journey, but we decided to pin our faith in the new time-table which indicated a seven-hours' journey.

Yokohama is only forty-five minutes from Tokio by train, yet it takes three-and-a-half hours longer to reach the treaty port from Nikho than it does to reach the capital. We changed trains three times, waited forty minutes at one station, thirty minutes at another, and finally pulled up for fifteen minutes outside a third station to allow a goods train to pass in before us. As we waited impatiently a few hundred yards outside the station, we had the pleasure of seeing the train, we should have caught, steam past us on its way, and we were consoled by knowing that there would not be another one for half an hour. This was not an exceptional case, due to any specially heavy traffic on that particular day, but was the result of the so-called accelerated service. We were travelling over the lines of two different companies who failed to agree, and the delays were generally caused by one company trying to spite the other. The carriages were overcrowded and dirty, and during the last part of the journey, only standing room was available in the single first and second-class carriage, and this had to be shared with all the third-

class travellers who had been crowded out elsewhere.

We heard that the Japanese railway companies were paying dividends of eleven per cent. As no money appears to be spent in the up-keep of the rolling stock, as the stations are mostly tumble-down shanties, and as the trains run at the slowest possible speed on infamously laid lines, the expenses of the railway service cannot be heavy. On the other hand, as every carriage in each train is invariably filled to its utmost capacity, and nothing will induce the officials to put on an extra coach, it is not difficult to realise that the profits must be considerable. At every station crowds get in and out, but the Jap, though a persistent traveller, is never in a hurry. It is a matter of no importance to him whether the train is an hour or two late, or whether one train misses connection with another. It is an excuse for idling; tea and tobacco are always handy, and beer or saké is generally available. To these people travelling is not a business to be got over, but a pleasant form of holiday-making, entailing no work.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### MIYANOSHITA—HAKONE—FUJIYAMA.

OUR stay in Japan was now nearly over, for in a week's time we were to sail back to India, and we had decided to spend our last few days at Miyanoshita.

After a night's rest at the comfortable Club Hotel at Yokohama, we started by a very slow "express" train which landed us in three hours at Kodzu. From this station a tramway is laid as far as the small village of Yumoto, one of the many places of that name which exist among the hills in Japan. The tramway as a means of progression was distinctly inferior. The rails appeared to have been laid down anyhow and anywhere, with the natural result that the carriage was constantly leaving the metals. This contingency was evidently anticipated, for the driver and conductor were each provided with a pole with which they hoisted the car back into position after every derailment. The ponies, who looked sorely in need of a feed and a rest, spent these intervals in kicking and biting one another, whilst the native passengers, who had brought a supply of saké and cigarettes, quietly drank and smoked as if they enjoyed the outing. After suffering for an hour in this conveyance, we were landed breathless and

bruised at Yumoto, where the third stage of the journey to Miyanoshita begins, and it is a pleasant enough walk of four miles up the valley to the Hotel. Refusing to be cajoled into rickshaws or chairs, we decided to walk the distance, and we congratulated ourselves on our decision as soon as we saw what did duty for a road in these parts. Formerly it may have been a good one, but no attempt has apparently been made to keep it in repair. The deep ruts had not been filled in, and the rocks which had worn through the surface of the road had not been cut away, whilst the stones, which had rolled down from the hill slopes after every shower, were left where they had fallen. On our way up, we met a friend being hurried down the hill in a rickshaw. He seemed to be undergoing some peculiar form of punishment, judging by the look of concentrated agony which he wore. He was completely at the mercy of the two men, who were racing along, heedless of the ruts and stones over which they bumped their victim.

On first landing at a treaty port, where the roads are better than they are up-country, the rickshaw seems a fairly comfortable conveyance ; but after a severe course of back-breaking rides along high roads, the rickshaw is voted a barbarous nuisance and should only be made use of to carry some wraps and a luncheon basket.

It is curious that a people in many ways so advanced, and who affect to be civilized, should be content to put up with the roads along

which one has to travel in Japan. Many of these highways show signs of having once been laid out on a sensible plan: the road from Kioto to Tamba and that from Nikho to Chiuzenzi, as well as the one which leads to Miyanoshita, could at very small expense be kept in thorough repair; but once the initial expenditure has been incurred, it is apparently no one's business to maintain them in an efficient state.

This faulty system we noticed everywhere. On the new steamer of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, in which we travelled from Hongkong to Kobé, in the railways and tramways, and particularly on the roads, it was ever apparent that it was nobody's business to put in in time, the stitch which is said to save nine.

Miyanoshita is the sanitarium to which the residents of Yokohama and Tokio flock for the holidays, and its great charm is undoubtedly the Fujiya Hotel, which rightly boasts of being one of the best in Japan.

There are innumerable hot springs on the mountain sides, and the boiling water is brought in pipes straight into the bathrooms, which are one of the many attractions of this comfortable Hotel.

Pretty as it is, Miyanoshita is situated at too low an elevation to be of much value as a hill station. It is too cramped up in the little valley, and the neighbouring hills seem to enclose it in an oppressive manner. There is a constant feeling of being surrounded by a high

wall which keeps out alike the air and the view, and it is not until many miles have been covered and some thousands of feet climbed, that this impression can be overcome.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hotel, there are many pretty little walks, and others, long enough to suit the keenest pedestrian, can be taken in every direction.

Beyond Miyanoshita, at a higher elevation and in more open country, lies the little village of Hakone, charmingly situated on a pretty little lake, and the merits of these two rival resorts form the subject of constant disputes between their respective admirers. Hakone is a beautiful little spot, the air is fresher than at Miyanoshita, and the advantages offered by the lake alone, would seem to entitle it to the first place ; but the patrons of Miyanoshita always fall back on the attractions held out by the Hotel, for at Hakone there is only an Europeanised tea-house by way of accommodation.

Hakone is also more difficult of access, and the path, a very steep one, is not practicable for rickshaws. Chairs can be hired for the journey, whilst the native invalid has himself carried to the sulphur baths in a "Kago" or native litter.

During our stay at Miyanoshita we made several excursions and climbed several mountains, always hoping to see Fujiyama. We had believed that this peak overshadowed Japan in the manner depicted on every fan and picture in the country. The guide books dilate upon the fact that it can be seen from thirteen different

provinces, but they do not state that for many days in the year, it is entirely lost in the heavy clouds which surround it, and this is especially the case in the spring season.

Though we worked hard and did not spare ourselves, we had been nearly five weeks in Japan before we got a sight of Fujiyama. The Tokaido railway passes near its base, but unfortunately a thick mist veiled the scenery on the day we travelled along the line. Down by the sea coast near Enoshima and Kanazawa we were equally doomed to disappointment, and we did not have any better luck from the race course at Yokohama or from the top of the Eiffel Tower at Tokio. Like a bashful beauty peeping at the lattice of some oriental harem, Fujiyama was ever wrapped in a veil of misty whiteness. Our exertions were at length rewarded, but not until the last day of our stay in the hills.

We had started after an early breakfast for the Hakone Lake. In an hour's time we reached Ashinoyu, or "Little Hell," a village situated in the hollow of a rather bleak looking ridge. There is a very tolerable hotel here, equally renowned for the efficacy of its sulphur baths, as for the beauty of the comely little English speaking maid who waits on foreign customers. From Ashinoyu, a short walk brought us to the southern shore of the Lake. As we reached the tea-house on the water's edge the mighty snow-capped Fujiyama solemnly and majestically emerged from behind the dense curtain of cloud which, for a moment only

seemed to have been drawn aside. Nothing that we had seen in Japan so impressed us as the first sight of Fujiyama, as we saw it across the blue waters of Lake Hakone. Whilst we were lost in admiration at the imposing grandeur of the scene, fresh clouds rolled up, and the northern end of the lake was once again cut out of the picture.

At the Hakone inn, we engaged a sampan which took us across the lake and landed us near the small bathing village of Ubago. In a combined tea-house and bathing establishment where the smell of sulphur predominated, we ate the luncheon we had brought with us from Miyanoshita. From Ubago we had a steep climb to the crest of the ridge on which the sulphur springs of Ojigoku or "Greater Hell" are situated.

From the top of this ridge we had a glorious panorama-like view of the pretty little lake district beneath us. The clouds which had again cleared for a moment, permitted a last view of Fujiyama in all the stately grandeur of fourteen thousand feet.

Ojigoku itself has no beauty to boast of; but the place has a weird and attractive interest. In striking contrast with the richness of the foliage we had left below, here on the ridge all was bare and desolate. The few shrubs were stunted in their growth or were withered and rooted up out of the ground. The sulphurous smelling steam rose in thick clouds around us, whilst boiling water issued from the fissures and crevices at



our feet. Not a blade of grass can live on the hill-side, but the whole surface was covered with a crust of powdered sulphur, which cracked beneath us as we warily picked our way along the narrow track between the springs. This bleak and unholy looking spot, where the wind was howling dismally, seemed to be a fitting place for the meeting of evil spirits. From Ojigoku it is a long but gradual descent to Miyanoshita, past the small bathing establishment of Gora. Here in a large bath, open at the sides but covered over by a thatched roof, several generations of Japanese of both sexes were happily bathing together in that delightfully promiscuous manner which the authorities are striving to stop. We noticed a building close by in which private bathrooms could be engaged, but they did not appear to be as much patronized as the public bath on the mountain side.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### YOKOHAMA—THE MIKADO—A ROYAL PROCESSION.

ON our return to Yokohama, we found the concession *en fête*. His Imperial Majesty the Mikado had accepted an invitation to attend the races and had announced his intention of giving a cup for one of the events.

The residents were determined to do honour to the occasion, and had spared neither trouble nor expense in arranging that His Majesty should have a fitting reception. Only forty-eight hours' notice of the intending visit was given, yet in this short time the reception committee had worked wonders. All the streets, through which the Mikado was to pass, had been gaily decorated under the deft hands of numerous workmen. The Bund at Yokohama, where are all the principal hotels, the Club, and many of the handsome dwelling-houses of the business men, especially lends itself to decoration and had been most richly and tastefully adorned. Down the whole length of the road a double row of poles had been erected. These were draped with crimson and white cloth, and the telegraph poles and lamp posts were hidden in folds of the same material. From these hung festoons of green foliage, along both

sides and across the road, whilst here and there triumphal arches has been erected. The ornamentation of the houses had been left to the private enterprise of the inhabitants who were equally lavish in their decorations. Flags and evergreens, Japanese umbrellas and paper lanterns had been utilized for the purpose, and large mottoes in Japanese characters bade "Welcome to Majesty."

When all was ready on the morning of the 9th of May, the Bund was a really pretty sight, crowded with smartly dressed Europeans and still more gaily dressed Japanese who had assembled, to receive the Emperor. Business had been suspended, and the day was observed as a general holiday. In the harbour the scene was as bright as on shore, the ships at anchor opposite the Bund were gay with bunting, four Japanese men-of-war had arrived that morning from Yokosuka and has ranged themselves in line alongside Her Majesty's Ship *Barfleur*, to watch over the welfare of the Sovereign during his visit to the stronghold of the foreigners.

Shortly after ten o'clock, the imperial train reached the Yokohama terminus, and a royal salute was fired by each man-of-war, and the police along the route the procession was to follow became extremely busy. It is not permitted in Japan to look down upon Royalty and at the last moment, the piazzas and verandahs of the hotels and of the club had to be cleared of their occupants. Windows were carefully closed, and the spectators had to be content with

looking up at Majesty from the pavement. At the railway station the reception committee had assembled; and an address of welcome was presented and graciously accepted, and another hour elapsed before the head of the procession reached the lower end of the Bund. A few minutes before eleven, an elderly Chinaman in a rickshaw and evidently late for some appointment, came hurrying down the road amidst the jeers of the crowd who urged him to speed on his wild career. In vain he sought to turn down a side street; these exits were all blocked with immoveable humanity; it was too late to turn back, and no alternative remained for the Chinaman, but to keep ahead of the procession and run the gauntlet of the conquerors of his race. A dog, with true Derby-like instinct, dashed out from the crowd and went barking along the road amidst volleys of imprecations from the police. Quiet was soon restored, and a "mounted policeman" on a bicycle "scorched" down the road, issuing final orders as he passed. This was the head of the imperial cortège. Some little way behind, followed two military officers, who were evidently most uncomfortably mounted on the bull-necked and ungroomed ponies of the country; next a troop of Lancers ambled past, lances at the trail, and behind them rode a somewhat better mounted official who immediately preceded the State carriage, which was drawn by two handsome black horses and was driven by a very imposing top-hatted coachman. Contrary to precedent

on this occasion the carriage was open, and the loyal subjects got a good view of His Majesty, who was wearing the undress uniform of a General Officer. Facing the Mikado, and with his back to the horses, sat the Lord High Chamberlain who looked curiously out of his element in a frock-coat and chimney pot hat. A royal prince, also in uniform, and some courtiers followed in a second carriage, and immediately behind it came a gorgeously arrayed personage whose dress resembled that worn by the Master of the Buckhounds on a State occasion in England. This booted and spurred dignitary travelled in a very unostentatious and inadequate rickshaw. Among the carriages and between the riders ran the grooms of the mounted officers who were evidently not particular as to the livery of their servants. A second troop of Lancers brought up the rear of the royal procession, which was followed at a little distance by the carriages of the members of the reception committee, and of several Japanese gentlemen and ladies who had come with the Court from Tokio to attend the races. These last were all dressed in the most approved European fashion, for now, no one is admitted to court functions or permitted to appear in the precincts of the Palace in native dress. His Majesty was received everywhere in solemn silence, the European gentlemen along the route raised their hats, but the Japanese spectators gave no sign or sound of welcome. They stood open-mouthed and gazed at the Mikado who sat up

stolidly in his gilded carriage, and only bowed, almost imperceptibly, when passing any specially large group of foreign residents whose salutations he felt bound to acknowledge.

Having arrived at the race course, His Majesty viewed the sport from the top of the grand stand where he remained, well above the level of his subjects, until four o'clock in the afternoon when he returned by another route, through similarly decorated streets, to the Railway Station.

The visits of the Mikado to the essentially foreign town of Yokohama are very rare and far between, and the curiously balanced native mind attributed all the display made by the residents to an attempt on their part to curry favour with the Ruler of the Country, in hopes that he may deal with them gently when once the new treaties shall have come into force.

These new treaties are forming the subject of much anxious speculation in the minds of the foreign residents in Japan, and Europeans justly view with some anxiety an innovation which will place them at the mercy of Japanese justice, without the right of appeal to their own Consuls. It is a curious sign of the times that special accommodation for foreigners is now being added to all the jails.

The Japanese would gladly see all foreign competitors discouraged from trading in their country. They have learnt the tricks and copied the customs of the men of business, and they would now like to have the irksome com-

petition removed. In business matters the Japanese are utterly untrustworthy, and no contract is held to be binding for a moment longer than it suits the native dealer, who never hesitates to go back on his agreement, should a more profitable one offer. The Chinaman, on the other hand, is as sharp as a needle and quite as alive to his own interests, but he is a more practical man to deal with, as he is perfectly prepared to abide by his bargain. This want of commercial honesty amongst the Japanese is only too well-known, and is recognized by the advanced party as a blot on their mushroom civilization. They are anxious to fit their country out with a religion which would instil these principles more deeply than has hitherto done the worship of Buddha and Shinto. To put it mildly, it is incongruous to expect that a Japanese gentleman who wears a frock-coat and a top hat should pay his devotions at a mediæval temple under conditions which existed many centuries before Christ. One gentleman recently enquired if Her Majesty, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone really professed Christianity as well as all the commoner folk in England. On being answered in the affirmative, he stated that he supposed there must be something in it and that it might be worth trying, as the British were undoubtedly a successful nation.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### SAYONARO—FAREWELL.

ON the 10th of May we left Yokohama and started on our return journey to India in the *Indus*, one of the newest ships of the Messageries Maritimes Company. In twenty hours' time we were once more at Kobé, where our steamer was to remain a day. We decided to make a hurried trip up to Kioto and see the Palace and Castle which for want of permits we had been unable to do on the occasion of our former visit. These we had since obtained from the Legation at Tokio, and had kept on the chance of getting an opportunity of making use of them before leaving the country. We reached Kioto in time for luncheon and then visited the buildings, whose carefully closed doors were now opened for us. The guide who showed us over the Palace was a courteous old world Japanese, who plied his fan with exquisite grace as he murmured the names of the various sights he pointed out. Though neither the Palace nor the Castle was quite "the dream of golden splendour" which the guide books describe, they were certainly well worth visiting, and we found no cause to regret the five hours of the day we had spent in a railway carriage travelling to and from Kioto, especially as we



came across a religious procession making its way along the principal streets which the whole population of Kioto had apparently turned out in their "Sunday best" to see go by. A great change had come over the town in the short month we had been away. The cherry blossom had, of course, disappeared, but all the trees had put on their leaves and the people their summer clothes, whilst fans and paper sunshades were in every hand, and the life in the streets was distinctly gayer and more full of colour than it had been early in April.

This was our last day in Japan. We had spent five weeks in the country in a cold and bracing climate with delightful scenery and surroundings. We were not leaving it with the feeling so constantly expressed by many Americans we met. These travellers, weary of dashing round the world, with a circular ticket, and jaded after a long course of tombs and temples in Egypt and India, derive little pleasure from doing Japan "thoroughly" in a fortnight, and eagerly long for the date of departure of the steamer which is to take them home. One couple we know, went by train from Kobé to Yokohama, breaking the journey for twenty-four hours at Kioto. They spent the rest of their time (over a fortnight) at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama with the exception of one short day which they devoted to Tokio. These people were convinced that there was nothing more to see in Japan and said they considered it a very over-rated country. People

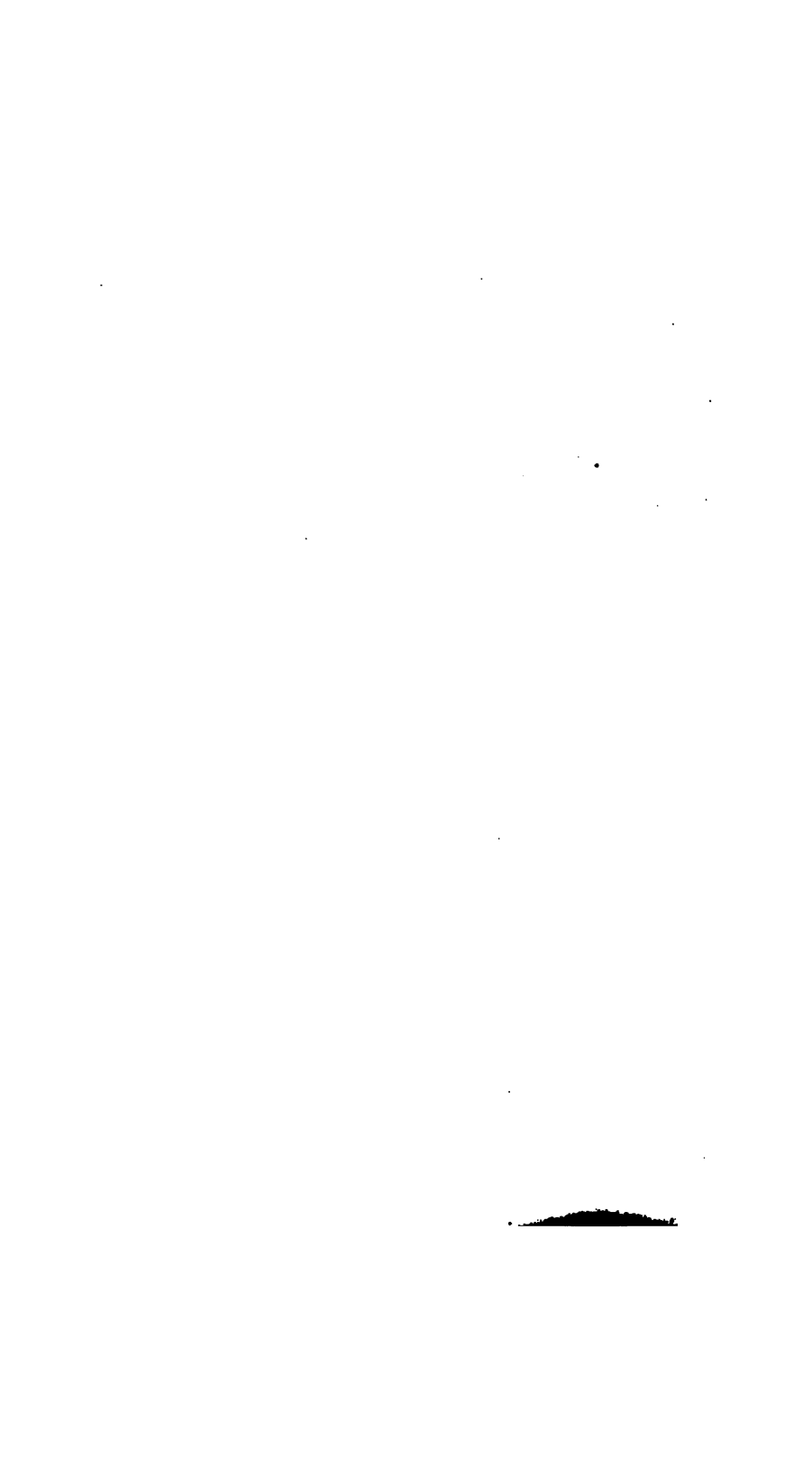
of this class are not in a position to judge, and we noticed that it was those who had lived longest amongst the Japanese who looked upon them with the kindest eyes and appreciated best the beauties of the country. In descriptions of Japan, the scenery has always been described as enchanting, the buildings as gorgeous, and the people as the embodiment of all human arts and graces. It is at first somewhat of a moral shock to discover that all is not as bright as has been painted, that the women are not all houris, and that most of the men are generally as disagreeable as it is possible for bumptious mortals to be. It is not until this has been realised and the first sense of disappointment has been overcome, that the charms of the country become apparent, though undoubtedly Japan is no longer the happy and secluded hunting ground for the sight-seer it used to be. The country is swamped with tourists who arrive almost daily in all the large steamers which call at the treaty ports, and thence flood the hotels and crowd the railway carriages. The price of hotel accommodation, like that of every thing else, has risen nearly fifty per cent. within the last few years, and whereas formerly touring in Japan was not extravagantly costly, the foreigner now finds he has to pay prices which would be considered exorbitant even on the Riviera.

The recent war with China has not had a good effect on the people, who have lost much of the charm of manner for which they were

formerly famous. They have become intoxicated by their recent success and have adopted towards foreigners an aggressive and insolent manner whereby they wish to impress them with the fact openly expressed, that they are quite prepared to treat any nation in the same way they served the Chinese.

Though we noted all these shortcomings and experienced frequent annoyance from individual members of this conceited little race, yet we thoroughly valued the charms and beauties of the country which a skin deep civilization can never spoil, and which we left with many regrets that our delightful holiday was over.

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## APPENDIX.

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IT may be useful to add a short chapter on the subject of expenses connected with a three months' trip, such as has been described in the preceding pages. It is, as a rule, difficult to foresee how much money will be required, and before starting for Japan we found it difficult to arrive at any estimate of our probable expenses. These naturally vary according to individual tastes and depend very much upon how much any one wishes to see and what amount of comfort is expected. It is also impossible to estimate how far individual globe trotters may be tempted by the lovely but expensive purchases with which all the curio shops in the various towns abound. At Kioto we were shown a cabinet of finest gold lacquer for which fifteen hundred pounds was asked, and this sum was actually paid by the rich owner of a large house in Mayfair. Knick-knacks costing only a few shillings can be picked up at every turn, and the visitor to Japan when making a collection of Japanese curios must of a necessity adapt his purchases to his means.

The initial and principal expense of the journey is that of the return ticket. The P. & O. Company and the Messageries Maritimes Company both issue first class return tickets from Bombay or Calcutta to either Kobé or Yokohama for seven hundred and fifty rupees, and in framing one's budget it is necessary to allow a small amount for a run ashore at the various ports of call. As we wished to visit Canton, and as this entailed our breaking our journey at Hongkong, we only took return tickets from Bombay to that port, and for these we were charged six hundred and thirty rupees. The fare from

Hongkong to Yokohama and back by the Canadian Pacific or one of the other lines costs one hundred and seventy rupees, so that a trip to Canton practically entails an increase of fifty rupees on each ticket, unless the traveller can afford to wait a fortnight in Hongkong for the next P. & O. or Messageries Steamer.

At the Hongkong Hotel the charge for board and lodgings varies from seven to ten dollars a day, but there are other cheaper hotels of whose merits we had no experience. The charge for chairs and rickshaws is small, but an exorbitant fare is apparently expected for the hire of a carriage for a drive to the Happy Valley, though this charming spot can be reached in a rickshaw in a few minutes for a few cents.

It is as well to fix the tariff beforehand with the rickshaw coolie, and the imposing looking Sikh who stands in the doorway of the Hotel is well able to arbitrate in this matter. The same advice holds good when engaging a sampan at Hongkong in which to go off to one of the ships. It is as well to obtain the services of the Sikh policeman on duty at the Bund and arrange with him to engage the boat and take down the boatman's number, for it has not unfrequently happened that once the fare is on board and the sampan is well away from the shore, the crew have refused to go on without increased remuneration and the helpless passenger has been relieved of his spare cash without any chance of redress. This situation will probably only occur at night, when the passenger is anxious to get back on board his steamer which is just about to leave, and is a form of robbery only perpetrated by the piratical owners of sampans who are not under police supervision.

The trip up to Canton is somewhat expensive. The fare for the journey on board the river steamer is eight dollars each way, and an additional charge of one dollar and a half is made for each meal taken on board. A guide to see the city is absolutely necessary, and as this gentleman's minimum charge is five dollars a day, it is as well to make up a party and share this expense. A

dollar and a half has to be paid for the sedan chair and small fees are expected at the temples and at many of the other places which it is as well to let the guide pay. Ah Cum's bill for our party of six people amounted to about thirteen dollars for the day we spent in Canton. A visitor to Canton may also spend his money freely in the curio shops where he can purchase the finest black wood carving, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, embroideries which are perhaps heirlooms of a bankrupt or fallen mandarin, silks and satins and ivory carvings, but these are expenses which need not be incurred except by those to whom money is no object. When on the subject of Canton it may be useful to sound a note of warning in the matter of dress, especially where ladies are concerned. It is as well to be quietly dressed, and nothing should be worn which might in any way appear peculiar to the curious people who throng the streets. One of the ladies of our party was wearing by way of a hat a very elaborate confection in which a bird, some fruit and some flowers formed the salient features. To the Chinese mind it appeared incongruous that any one should wear a bird who looked so distinctly edible, and this hat at every halt we made, became much to the confusion of the wearer, the centre of a wondering and not too courteous crowd.

There are several hotels at Shanghai, and the prices vary at each. The "Hotel des Colonies" is situated in the French settlement almost opposite the pier where passengers, who arrive by the French Mail steamers, are landed from the launch. It is a thoroughly French establishment, very clean and comfortable, and the excellent meals are a pleasure to the greedy and hungry alike. We stayed at this hotel on our way back from Japan and were asked six dollars a day each for board and lodging. This is less than we had to pay at the "Astor House," where we stayed on our first visit to Shanghai. Delightfully situated near the Public Gardens and much patronized by the Americans whose custom is chiefly catered for, this hotel is very comfortable and

is undoubtedly the "smartest" in the place, but the artificially heated rooms and hermetically closed doors and windows are rather trying to lovers of fresh air even on a cold day in March. The hotel was crowded, and we were fortunate in securing the only available accommodation for which we were charged sixteen dollars a day for the two.

In Japan the hotels are generally excellent, and the prices vary from five to eight or even ten dollars a day. It is generally advisable to write beforehand and engage rooms, and it is often as well to explain that you are not an American and do not wish to occupy the best suite of apartments in the hotel. As a general rule one may count on having to pay six dollars a day for board and lodging, though the "Grand" at Yokohama, which boasts of being the best managed hotel in the world, is a good deal more expensive. We found all the comfort and attention we required at the Club Hotel where we stayed on each of the three occasions we visited Yokohama, and where we were only charged five dollars a day. The Métropole at Tokio is equally comfortable and is under the same management, and at both, the table was considerably above the average. When on the subject of hotels, a tribute of praise must be paid to the Fujiya at Miyahoshita. At this charming place, all the rooms are the same price, and all are equally good ; nothing can exceed the comfort which can be obtained at this palace on the mountain side for an inclusive charge of six dollars a day. The bathrooms are a special feature of this establishment, and the little Japanese maidens, who do all the waiting, were as attractive as any we saw in the country. The traveller in Japan gets the least value for his money at the semi-Europeanised inns. These establishments are usually uncomfortable compromises, and foreign fancy prices are charged for what at the best can only be considered a rough and ready make-shift with all the discomforts incidental to Japanese life thrown in. At a purely Japanese inn, where the Jap will be charged from eighty cents to a dollar, a foreigner will



probably have to pay four dollars a day for identically the same accommodation ; but the foreigner is always looked upon as a fair prey, and prices are everywhere raised for him.

Rickshaws vary somewhat in price in different parts of Japan, and it is reasonable to allow a dollar a day for this item, though at Kioto only eighty cents a day is charged for a rickshaw with one cooly. They can also be engaged by the hour or for part of a day. When any special excursion is to be made it is as well to fix upon the fare before leaving the hotel, and it will generally be necessary to engage two coolies if a trip is to be made outside the town limits. This, for instance, is the case the day an expedition is made to the rapids near Kioto. The rickshaw for the day costs two dollars and a half, and it may be useful to know that five dollars is charged for the boat in which the journey down the rapids is undertaken. As these large flat-bottomed boats can conveniently hold four people with their rickshaws and coolies, it is more economical to make up a party and share the boat with some other wanderers from the hotel who may be bent on the same jaunt.

Railway travelling, though uncomfortable in many ways, has the merit of being cheap, and a liberal allowance of luggage may be carried free of charge. The American system of booking luggage obtains in Japan and might be copied with advantage in India. How long has one had to wait at an Indian Railway Station whilst a baboo laboriously entered voluminous notes on a baggage receipt form made out in triplicate, and then had to put up with a further delay whilst the place of destination was being written in on the labels which are affixed to the packages. In India it is necessary to parade at the station at least half an hour before the train starts to admit of all these preparations being carried out. On the Japanese railways, a brass check is attached by a thong to each trunk, and the duplicate checks are given to the traveller, and an endorsement is made on his ticket as to the

amount of baggage he has, and at the end of the journey the checks are handed back in exchange for the luggage. When we left Kioto we took out tickets and booked through to Yokohama ; in this way, though we broke our journey both at Otsu and Nagoya, we had no further trouble, and our luggage was awaiting us when we arrived several days afterwards at Yokohama.

It may be as well to repeat a word of advice to intending purchasers of curios, advice which we received and which we found most useful, though we perhaps scarcely acted up to it to the letter. From the moment we first landed at Nagasaki until the day we left Japan we were constantly tempted to purchase curios at all the native shops in each place we visited. The wares at every shop appeared so attractive that it seemed impossible anything more charming could be found elsewhere, and a bargain would be completed only perhaps to be regretted a few days later when some still more tempting work of art was shown us at the next stage in our tour. Kioto is *par excellence* the art centre of Japan, and the shops in that delightful place are well worth visiting. Beautiful tapestries, choicest embroideries, lacquer work cabinets and screens, cloisonné and ivory carving were shown us in every shop we entered. Curio dealers haunted the hotels and waylaid us in the passages where they pressed their cards and smaller specimens of their goods into our hands, and even crept into our rooms before we were out of bed. We had been advised to make a mental note of the prices of the various articles we saw, but to harden our hearts and defer our purchases until we arrived at Yokohama. If curios are required, it is as well to devote a day or two to visiting the European shops such as Messrs. Arthur and Bond, or Messrs. Kühn and Komer, and it is worth while comparing their prices with those charged in the native shops.

Every Japanese dealer claims that he is the sole possessor of a perfectly unique specimen of a certain particular work, and doubtless if any one is bent on obtaining unique specimens, the ever-obliging Jap will

produce them by the dozen at a moment's notice. He has always some old blade, the last heirloom of an impoverished Daimio, or some particular cabinet of exquisite workmanship, which six generations of a family have toiled to produce, but the moderate buyer, who only wishes to collect a few pretty mementoes of his visit to Japan, will find himself more easily suited at a far cheaper price by patronizing the European firms at the treaty ports, and he will know that by so doing he is not subscribing to the funds of the "Japanese Welcome Society."

After the return tickets have been paid for, and sufficient money for the voyage has been set aside, it is convenient to remit the balance through a banker to either the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank or to the Chartered Bank of Australia and China. Both these houses have branches at Bombay and at Calcutta, at most of the ports in China and at Nagasaki, Kobé and Yokohama. Three hundred pounds may be reckoned as a liberal estimate for the three months' trip for two people who like to be comfortable and who wish to see as much as they can, and this sum will allow them a fairly large margin to buy a few presents for friends and some pretty things for themselves.

When travelling to Japan, one is generally encumbered with a considerable amount of linen and light clothing suitable to the tropics and very essential for a sea-voyage, but which are not required in Japan in the spring or in the autumn. It is as well to leave them with the manager of the hotel on first landing at either Kobé or Yokohama, and arrangements can be made to have them washed and kept until they are required for the return journey.

Though we had consulted several people before leaving India, we found it very difficult to arrive at any idea as to the kind of clothing best adapted to the climate of the country we were about to visit. It may be of use to others to know that twenty-four hours after leaving Hongkong on the thirty-first of March, we extricated our

thickest clothes from our trunks in the baggage room of the *America Maru*, and throughout our stay in Japan and until our return to Shanghai in the middle of May, we dressed much as we should have done during the early spring in England. A thick overcoat, a warm rug, a water-proof and an umbrella, and good stout boots for those who are fond of walking are essential ; whilst gentlemen who hope to be received at any of the Court Garden Parties should take a top hat and a frock-coat, as this "order of dress" is compulsory on these occasions ; but invitations to the palace which are issued through the legations at Tokio are limited to those foreigners who have been previously presented at their own Court at home.

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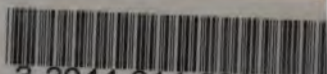












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